Suppl. 57,506/A

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PHILOSOPHICAL

LETTERS

UPON

PHYSIOGNOMIES.

To which are added,

DISSERTATIONS

ON THE

INEQUALITY of SOULS, PHILANTHROPY, and MISFORTUNES.

Con gli occhi della mente il cor si vede. TASSO.

LONDON:

Printed for R. GRIFFITHS, at the *Dunciad*, in *St. Paul's Church-yard*; W. MEYER, *May's Buildings*, *St. Martin's-Lane*; J. PAYNE and J. BOUQUET, in *Pater-noſter-Row*. MDCCLI.

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THE

EDITOR's

PREFACE.

THE cloſe Secrecy, in which the Author of this Piece ſtill keeps himſelf, has deprived us of the Satisfaction of conſulting him about this Second Edition; however, the Commendations given it in the foreign Journals, and more particularly in the *Bibliotheque raiſonnée*, are a ſufficient Juſtification for reprinting it as it is: The latter of

January, 1747 ſpeaks of it in the following ingenious Manner:

It is probably of the Author's Modeſty we muſt complain that his Name is a Secret; for he could not imagine a Work of ſuch Delicacy and Erudition could be a Diſparagement to him, yet he does not ſo much as give any Hints of his Abode and Profeſſion.

However, an attentive Peruſal of his Book has pointed out to me ſome Paſſages, from which I may draw a Sketch of him. If his own Aſſertions be true, that Phyſiognomies lead to the Knowledge of the inward Man, no leſs certain is it, that from an Author's Productions a ſhrewd Gueſs may be given of his Diſpoſition, Circumſtances, Talents, and good or bad Qualities. There is ſcarce any ſuch thing as deſcribing others, without diſcovering one's ſelf, and eſpecially when Sincerity guides the

the Pen. Had the incomparable *Montagne* been more ſparing in talking of himſelf, had he been wholly ſilent as to his Perſon and Inclinations, the World would have been at no Loſs to have picked out a pretty particular and juſt Idea of both from the Tenor of his Eſſays. The amiable Author of theſe *Philoſophical Letters*, if himſelf not a Perſon of Diſtinction, muſt, without all doubt, have converſed much in high Life. He has a candid good Heart, with a Vivacity of Apprehenſion, and a ſprightly, comprehenſive Genius, tempered by a well-pois'd Judgment. He thinks a great deal, yet is not penſive. As he loves the Sciences, ſo few underſtand them better. He is not a Stranger to Chemiſtry, and has ſucceſsfully dip'd into Phyſic and Anatomy, though I do not conceive him to be a Gentleman of the Faculty, as he is acqnainted with an-

cient and modern Hiſtory, without being an Hiſtoriographer. He is one of thoſe wiſe *Pyrrhonians* who know when doubting is proper; never peremptory without the cleareſt Evidence: He is ſilent as to what is above the Reach of our Mind. Truth is his Pearl of Price; he is ever in Search of it, and is raviſhed where-ever he finds it. Nobody is further from hating thoſe whom he looks upon to be in an Error; he pities them according to its Importance. He has extricated himſelf from the Prejudices of Adoleſcence, retaining no more than appeared to him rational and praiſe-worthy. He is not one of thoſe Miſanthropiſts who are ever out of Humour with themſelves, and ſnarling at Mankind. He can't endure to hear them continually decried; he ſees their Foibles and Faults as plainly as any one; but he alſo ſees that they are not

not without eſtimable Qualities and Virtues. As he is an Enemy to all Diſguiſe and Tergiverſation, ſo he highly values the ſincere, ingenuous Man. His Frankneſs muſt have brought ſome Enemies upon him. He ſeems to have ſtudied human Nature throughly, and his Knowledge of it muſt have been of great Help to him in judging of Mens Diſpoſitions and Faculties by their Phyſiognomies. As to the Likeneſs of this Picture which I have hazarded, it muſt be referred to him; for my Part, I proteſt *albus an ater ſit neſcio*; ſo far only I perceive, that he is to be ſought for among the Philoſophers, *&c.*

I am far from directing my Readers to judge of the Value of a Book by the Character of the Author. Errors, and even of the groſſeſt kind, will inſinuate themſelves among the fineſt Endowments, both

of the Mind and Heart. We eaſily ſlip into Error, and, like Misfortunes, one brings on another. All the Virtues go Hand in Hand; there is ſuch a Connection betwixt them, that if we habitually ſet ourſelves againſt any ſingle one, an Averſion to all the reſt will grow upon us. The Queſtions diſcuſſed by this Philoſopher are not only ſingular and abſtruſe, but of ſuch a tender Nature, that I ſcarce dare take upon me to ſpeak my Opinion.

The Plan of this Work is laid on one general Queſtion, but out of it is found to iſſue a Multitude, though all relative to each other. This general Queſtion is, Whether Nature has furniſhed us with Rules for judging of Men by their Phyſiognomies? The Author holds the Affirmative, and will have theſe Rules to be expreſſed, and plainly viſible to an intelligent Eye in the

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Lineaments and Features of the Face; he makes himſelf to be vers'd in them beyond Fallibility, and ſays, that he can perceive them very eaſily; but that it is extremely difficult to make others do ſo. This Knowledge being an Art, which no Application can maſter, without a natural Aptitude.

That every Creature has its expreſſive Phyſiognomy is uncontrovertible; and the Author having illuſtrated it by Inſtances, proceeds to deduce theſe Arguments from them. If there is a Phyſiognomy in every Being, is Man to be ſuppoſed without his? and further, if that of inanimate Beings be infallible, why ſhould that of Man be dubious? That Men may have a ſignificant Phyſiognomy, I allow; but I cannot perſuade myſelf, that it is ſo clear and certain as that of inanimate Beings; and for this Reaſon, that

the Interior of Plants and Brutes is found to be more generally analogous to their Exterior, than the Mind of Man is to the Colour and Figure of its Habitation.

The Seat of the Phyſiognomy is ſometimes only in one particular Part of the Face, the Noſe, Forehead, Cheeks, Chin, Upper-Lip, ſometimes even in the Teeth, but moſt palpably in the Eyes, though in general it is nothing leſs than the Aſſemblage of Lineaments, Colours, and Features, which conſtitute the Phyſiognomy; nor are they to be lightly ſeparated.

If Nature is at any time pleas'd to declare itſelf in any ſtrongly marked Feature, it is indeed an Exception, but which does not invalidate the general Rule It was a complex View which enabled *Zopyrus* to form a Judgment, the ſeeming Injuſtice whereof raiſed ſuch Indignation, that

that *Socrates*, the unblemiſhed *Socrates*, had vicious Inclinations, and a corrupt Temper: It was not till after attentively ſurveying *Sylla*, that *Orobazes*, the *Parthian* Ambaſſador, expreſſed his Wonder, that ſuch a Youth could take up with any thing leſs than the Empire of the Univerſe.

The Syſtem of our imaginative Philoſopher ſeems to make the human Soul an Eſſence depending on the Organization, and ſubject to the Impreſſions of the Body; an Eſſence the Nature of which is incomprehenſible, and actuated by another Eſſence, whoſe Properties and Force are little better known: This is frequently intimated up and down the Book. It is, ſays he roundly, in one Place, the more or leſs perfect Organization, the more or leſs ſuitable Mixture of the Juices or Fluids which makes the Wit or the Dolt.

This is a comfortable Poſition to thoſe who know themſelves to be underwitted, and as mortifying to thoſe who value themſelves upon excelling in it; from whatever Source their Wit takes its Riſe, their pluming themſelves with it argues no eminent Wiſdom; for a more refined Soul, or a more ſymmetrical Organization, or a more proportionate Mixture of the Fluids, are equally, that is, not at all Matters dependent on their Choice.

This Thought puts me in Mind of *Charles* the Fifth's Anſwer to *Eraſmus*, in the *Dialogues of the Dead*. Let's have done with Learning, ſays *Eraſmus* to the Emperor, and ſtick to Wit, which is in nowiſe fortuitous, and not derived from the moſt fortunate Concurrence of Events, is not--Fair and ſoftly, good Doctor, replies *Charles*; Wit in nowiſe fortuitous! how! does not Wit conſiſt

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in a certain Contexture of the Brain? and to be born with a well-framed Brain, is it leſs a Matter of Chance than to be born the Son of a King? You was indeed a great Genius, one of the Luminaries of the Age; but aſk the Philoſophers, and they one and all will tell you, that you was within a Hair's Breadth of being a Blockhead, or even an Idiot; the leaſt Irregularity in the Diſpoſition of the Fibres had done it; 'tis ſomething too ſubtle for the Diſquiſitions of the moſt curious Anatomiſts, which determines the Intellects.

They who exclaim the moſt bitterly againſt this Syſtem, as ſtriking at human Liberty, and making us no more than ſo many Machines, find themſelves perpetually at a Loſs without it. If the Soul be its own Miſtreſs, and not under the Controul of the Body, what Solution can be found for the Alterations of Propenſities and

and Tempers which are obſervable in every Individual? How ſhall we account for the Impreſſions made on the Faculties and Tempers, by the ſlighteſt Diſorder in the Play of the Organs, the Circulation of the Blood, and the Proportion of the Juices? Without a Recourſe to my Syſtem, we are quite in the dark as to the inſtantaneous Averſions and Likings, which riſe in us at firſt Sight, and become habitual. If ſuch a Power over itſelf reſts in the Soul, as ſome think it Blaſphemy to deny, why are we ſometimes all Mirth, and the next Day all Melancholy? Were our Humour a Matter of Choice, we ſhould, doubtleſs, be continually in high Spirits.

The many odd Metamorphoſes which the Soul undergoes, are to be explained only by the Body. 'Tis the hampered Motion of the Organs; 'tis the Interception of the animal Spirits

Spirits, which ſo often puts us out of Humour with ourſelves, and in ſome cauſes ſuch a Gloom, that they complain of being nauſeated with Life; 'tis a minute Irregularity in the Fibres, which turns a wiſe Man to a Driveller; 'tis a Conformity of Organs and Fluids, from whence are derived Sympathies, as 'tis to their Contrariety that Antipathies are owing.

But is this Diſcuſſion of the Soul any thing elſe than a diffuſe Wandering from the Subject, when Phyſiognomy is the Point in queſtion? The Author obviates this Objection; he further ſays, that no Judgment being to be formed of Man from the Soul, as it is inviſible, and equal in all Men, there was a Neceſſity of introducing the Body, which is ſo different and variable, as the Principle of the different Tem-

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pers of Men, and of their Viciſſitudes.

He then lays it down as an indiſputable Truth, that the predominant Temperament determines the Diſpoſition of the Mind; becauſe the Mind being univerſally the ſame, it cannot contract thoſe Inconſtancies and Differences, but from the Conſtitution of the Body, of which there is an endleſs Variety, and which ſways the Mind to its own Propenſities or Averſions.

If the Mind depends upon the Diſpoſition, and the Diſpoſition is derived from the Conſtitution, and the Conſtitution is diſcernible in the Countenance, our Philoſopher ſtands juſtified in his Aſſertion, that the predominant Diſpoſition of the Mind may be known by an attentive View of the Countenance.

But how is the Conſtitution to be inferred from the Colour and Configuration of the Body? and in what man-

manner will the Knowledge of the Conſtitution lead us to the Knowledge of the Diſpoſition? Theſe are Stumbling-blocks not eaſily remov'd, as the Author was well aware; yet he clears himſelf with Honour, and encounters the ſtrongeſt Objections which lie againſt his Syſtem.

His Aſſertion, That Women are ſuch only through a Deficiency of Heat, had given grievous Offence to ſome Ladies; and as they ſeldom can ſmother their Reſentments, they rattled him without Mercy; but he acts up to the Reſpect due to the Sex; nor can there be a better turned Compliment to them than his Apology of himſelf. To ſoften the Harſhneſs of this Expreſſion, he tells them, that to this Deficiency they are beholden for their fair, ſoft, Skins, and even their gentle Manners, and eaſy Diſpoſitions; that it exempts them from thoſe laborious

Trades,

Trades and dangerous Callings, which can only be undergone by the hotter Conſtitution of Man; that they are every where eſteemed the moſt amiable Part of the Community; that they are the End of all our Deſigns; that, in return for the Attention paid to their Will, the Concern for their Welfare, the Readineſs to promote their Pleaſure, nothing more is aſked of them, than that they would be what they are. That the Condition of the happieſt Man cannot vie with that of a lovely Woman; that were a Change practicable, they would have the worſt on't; that we want that quick Reliſh of Pleaſure which is univerſal in them; that our Minds are excruciated by Anxieties, Diſquietudes, gloomy Images, and boiſterous Paſſions; that as to Wit, their Conſtitution ſo indiſputably bears away the Bell, that ours cannot exert

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that Delicacy and Poignangy which they have at Command; that their Annals, if they will but caſt an Eye into them, are full of the Victories in which Women were Conquerors over Men; and that it would be a very prepoſterous Pride in us to glory in our Conſtitution, when the Advantage is every way on their Side. Could Complaiſance be carried further? Such an Apology, to be ſure, allayed the Storm at once; nor was it mere Blandiſhment, if we are pleaſed to fancy, that we ſurpaſs Women in the more noble Advantages; what is this Nobleneſs in Competition with their Graces and Allurements, their all-captivating Beauty?

Liberal Nature did diſpenſe
To all Things, Arms for their Defence;
And ſome ſhe arms with ſinewy Force,
And ſome with Swiftneſs in the Courſe,
Some

Some with hard Hoofs, or forked Claws,
And some with Horns, or tusked Jaws,
And some with Scales, and some with
Wings,
And some with Teeth, and some with
Stings.
Wisdom to Man she did afford,
Wisdom for Shield, and Wit for Sword.
What to beauteous Womankind?
What Arms, what Armour has she
assign'd?
Beauty is both; for with the Fair,
What Arms, what Armour can compare,
What Steel, what Gold, or Diamond,
More impassible is found,
And what Flame, what Lightning e'er,
So great and active Force did bear;
They are all Weapon, and they dart,
Like Porcupines, from every Part,
Who can alas! their Strength express,
Arm'd when they themselves undress,
Cap-a-pee with Nakedness.

The

THE AUTHOR's PREFACE.

MY Rudiments in Phyſiognomy were firſt taught me by a very ſingular Phyſiognomy, whoſe Beauty I ſhall not be ſo ungrateful as to diſparage by a Deſcription. Such a Conſtellation of Virtues and amiable Qualities, ſtriking every Beholder at firſt Sight, put me upon thinking, that other Countenances might be equally denotative of the Tem-

Temper, though not ſo much to their Owner's Advantage.

The exact Correſpondence of this adorable Perſon's Aſpect and Diſpoſition made me reſtleſs, till I had made the Experiment on thoſe in whom I am moſt intereſted.

Thus I have contracted a kind of Habitude, and it ſhall remain with me till Death has changed my Phyſiognomy, of ſearching into the Harmony betwixt the Faculties and Diſpoſitions, and the Countenances, before I admit any Idea of them. Why ſhould I leave it off? Faces ſeem to me one of the Sights in which we are moſt concerned, abundantly more, I am ſure, than many where we ſquander both Time and Money; that they are continually before our Eyes, is no Reaſon for ſlighting them, as any who underſtands them finds continually freſh Subjects of a delightful Admiration.

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Being of a communicative Temper, and poſſibly not altogether free from Vanity, I could not conceal my phyſiognomical Talents, and ſo far from being derided, or giving Offence, my Intimates could not ſufficiently applaud them. They have ſince been ever putting Queſtions to me, as no Subject affords more Room, and them the Public may either thank or quarrel with, for theſe Letters, which are nothing but my Anſwers to phyſiognomical Queſtions regularly digeſted, though the Publication of them, and in ſuch Order and Bulk, is what I little expected.

With all its Imperfections (for Imperfection ſtamps its Mark on all the Works of Man) it may ſerve as a Clew for more penetrating Geniuſes to make ſuch further Diſcoveries as may tend to the Confuſion of Vice, and the Honour of Virtue, two Eſſentials

ſentials in the Welfare of Society, and the nobleſt End of all Endeavours. This is a Thought which will buoy me up under all the Arraignments which may be brought againſt this Piece. I expect them, nay, I make no doubt, but among the Managers will be found ſome, whoſe Cenſures are reſpectable, and to whom I could not have the Face to plead, *Non ſolo le talpe naſcon cieche*. The Variations in the Style of the Tranſlation, from the epiſtolary to the philoſophic, was, by the Advice of a Perſon, to whoſe Authority I would always ſubſcribe; and as for a few Words, very few, which may have an Air of Novelty, I humbly recommmend them to the Reader's Indulgence.

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Philoſophical Letters

UPON

PHYSIOGNOMY.

LETTER I.

YOU inſiſt, then, upon an Anſwer to your Enquiries about Phyſiognomies: Well; ſuch is the Aſcendant you have over me, that though my Reaſon intimates many diſagreeable Conſequences, I'll ſtand them all, rather than give your Friendſhip the leaſt room for Complaint. Some will anathematiſe me as a Magician; others deſpiſe me as a meer Philoſophaſter, the generality, at leaſt, will ſneer at me as a Viſionary; for the Illuſtration of Phyſiognomy is too myſterious to eſcape ſuch Attacks. As I expoſe my tendereſt Part, my Character, in your Service; I claim a Promiſe, and Gratitude warrants my Claim; that what-

ever others may think of me, you will continue your good Thoughts, that you will impute to my Deference for you, any extravagant Conjectures into which ſuch a new Subject may betray me; and that the Obloquy of the World ſhall be compenſated by an Increaſe of that Friendſhip, which already makes the Happineſs of my Life.

The Writer, who aims at Diſtinction, chuſes an untrodden Path; Phyſiognomy is ſo; yet this is not what kindles my Ambition. The moſt uſeful Arts, the moſt eſteemed Sciences, owe their riſe to the Boldneſs, or, perhaps to the Temerity of their Inventors. Many, who by their Cotemporaries, were accounted crack-brain'd, or dangerous Perſons, are now extoll'd as admirable Genius's, as the Glories of Humanity: yet this, again, is no Incentive to me; to be extoll'd as a Philoſopher deeply read in Nature when I am dead, ſeems to me a poor amends for Sarcaſms and real Injuries from all Quarters, whilſt I am living; I am for Praiſes in Hand, at which my Heart may exult: and though my Reputation be not ſounded high at preſent, I prefer it to the loudeſt Clangors of Fame, when I am paſt Senſibility: this will convince you that

that you are the only Object of this Work. It is your Pleaſure that I ſhould write on Phyſiognomy; that is the deciſive Point with me, *jacta eſt alea*, come what will.

Allow me, by way of Preamble, to declare, that I am an Enemy to all Divination; that I heartily grieve to ſee Creatures made in the Image of God, give Credit to vague Predictions, drawn from the Lineaments of the Face and Hands, to imaginary Analogies or Connections betwixt the celeſtial Conſtellations and a human Birth, and to Similitudes with Animals, grounded on ſome exterior Reſemblance. You and I contemn theſe Fallacies, which cauſe ſo much real Anguiſh, and betray their Dupes into a wrong Conduct, to prevent what they fear, or forward what they expect. Neither ſhall I affect the *Marvelous*, and whenever any Appearance of it occurs, believe me, I am not deviating from real Nature, but unfolding ſome of its latent Productions.

I queſtion whether there be any Diſcovery properly ſupernatural; if Magic has been ſo termed, it was through Ignorance of its Principle. All I ſhall lay before you is plain, clear and natural. The true Phyſiognomiſt never foretells what a Per-

ſon will, but what he ſhould be. Future Circumſtances are out of his Verge; he only conjectures at the Behaviour under them: His Diſcoveries reach no further than what is inherent in him whom he examines; without offering at what is aſcititious. He penetrates into the innate Diſpoſition, not the Fortune of a Man; He declares his Genius, but not the Province of its Exertion; knows the Part for which the Perſon is fit, but not that to which he is deſtined.

Of all the modern Books within my Knowledge, which ſpeak of Phyſiognomies, that of *Porta* is the only one, wherein there is any ſhew of Ratiocination: yet you are doubtleſs not ignorant, that under the miſapplied Title of human Phyſiognomy, he only treats of the Reſemblances betwixt Beaſts and Men; and being a Bigot to the Philoſophers of Antiquity, he has only accumulated an indigeſted heap of their Sayings, from which he infers, that a Likeneſs in the Looks with a particular Animal, indicates moſtly a Likeneſs of Temper. Did this ſtand in need of a Book to be proved? Beſides, in this Rout of Philoſophers, I don't include *Ariſtotle* their Maſter; who, without throughly diſcuſſing this Point, has

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ſaid more than all of them put together: I ſhall often quote him, and wiſh I could quote him in defence of every Poſition; but the Subject now upon the Tapis, is of a wider Scope, more ſingular and circumſtantial.

I am to ſhew, that Men carry in their Phyſiognomies certain and ſtrongly marked Indications of what they actually are, (not from any Compariſon with the Brute Creation) that their inſide is to be known by their outſide; and that an Attention to the Features of their Face will give a juſt Idea of the Faculties of their Soul, without any other Inveſtigation. Is not this an eſſential Knowledge? What ſcientifical Improvement ought to be compared to the reducing this to fixed Rules. A Window to look into the ſeveral Receſſes of the Heart will no longer be wanting. I have intimated ſuch a Syſtem to you, but you think it beyond my Skill; you reproach me with raiſing Expectations, which I cannot gratify, and allow me no other way of forming a Judgment of Men, but by their Words and Actions, which are often theatrical, imagining that all my Penetration is no more than applying what I knew of them by other Means, to their Phyſiognomies, and

then boasting that with a single Look, I discerned in them, what I had before learnt from much better Authority; you are, withal, so complaisant as to think I am not aware of this Delusion, in myself, and that, if presumptuous, I am sincere.

Though this be an Indulgence in which you are almost alone, I'll not sit down quietly with it; for I am still chargeable with a Fanaticism, which I detest, being as vigilant not to be imposed upon by myself, as by others: therefore, pray, suspend your Verdict, till you see how far my Performance equals my Promise; it will then be time enough to shake your Head at me, and think me an Object of that Pity, due to intellectual Errors, when they reach no further than the Person infatuated.

Every one has his Folly, and perhaps a right View of Life would shew us, that the Worth of most Men consists in their favourite Follies: let Physiognomy be counted mine; a Folly, in which the Virtuous are Gainers, and the Vicious only Losers; if I commend the former, it is with great Caution and Softness I touch upon the latter, and often tacitly entertain myself with my Discoveries; I may say that

the Chemiſt is not more careful to conceal his moſt lucrative Secrets, which ſwell him with Hopes of Wealth at command. As it lets me into a thorough Knowledge of Men, I no longer expect Perfection from them; I compare their Failings; I bear with thoſe which are moſt excuſable, and who knows which are ſuch better than a Phyſiognomiſt? The Secrets of Nature are open to him, he judges by its Informations; he requires no Talents or Virtues from any one, which he does not perceive to be delineated in his Countenance, and to ſuch as are, he is often ſerviceable; he raiſes Men to a proper Confidence, ſhews them their leading Qualities, whereby they atchieve many Things, to which they thought themſelves quite unequal. He knows them better than they know themſelves.

But ſay you, give me a Definition or Explanation of what is termed Phyſiognomy; why, really I am at a loſs how to ſet about it, the Idea ſeems explicable; what I am aſſured of, is, that Phyſiognomy is more than the Air, Figure, Mean, or Features, for ſome are very much like each other, yet of very different Phyſiognomy: there is no pro-

nouncing definitively on a Subject ſo new, abſtruſe, and ſingular. If I dealt in Etymologies, I think a pretty good one might be drawn from theſe two *Greek* Words, φυσις γνωμων which form the Word, at leaſt they expreſs my Notion; their Signification being *the Rule of Nature*, and my Syſtem turns upon Phyſiognomies, being the Rule which Nature has exhibited to us, whereby to judge of Mankind.

Again, you urge me, What is this Rule? where is it? in what does it conſiſt? My Anſwer here is ready, and you may rely on it, That it is in the Face; that all the Features are ſo many Parts of it; that it ſtrikes me on every Face I ſee; and that I diſcern it with much more Facility than I can convey the ſame Diſcernment to another. I make no doubt but that in the Sequel, all theſe ſeeming Obſcurities will be cleared up to you, and a ſurpriſing Light break out upon your Underſtanding, which is ſo ſuſceptible of it; but this Letter being run to ſuch a Length, let me conclude with profeſſing myſelf, &c.

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LETTER II.

THE Concluſion of my laſt, was the Difficulty I found to define Phyſiognomy, according to my Idea of it. It is a frequent Saying, eſpecially in Polemical Compoſitions, that obſcure Expreſſions proceed from obſcure Conceptions; now, this Poſition, however generally true, fails here, for with the cleareſt Senſe and moſt luminous Ideas, I am at a Loſs for plain expreſſive and adequate Words. A ſkillful Artiſt, viewing a Work, diſcovers many Beauties or Defects, of which he cannot eaſily make others ſenſible, without ſome previous Tincture of a Science; a Diſcourſe on it will convey neither Pleaſure or Inſtruction, to the Hearers. Have you never met with ſuch wretched Judges of a Picture, that you concluded any Elucidations would be loſt upon them. It is as true, that with a few elementary Ideas, or only an uninformed Aptitude, we ſoon attain to a clear Apprehenſion of moſt Subjects: thus whoever has theſe Requiſites in Phyſiognomy, immediately cloſes with any Diſcovery imparted to him, without any troubleſome Detail of Argu-

mentation. They who are in the dark; (which is the Caſe of the generality) are ſure to decry what they don't underſtand, vext that any thing ſhould be beyond their Penetration.

That every thing has its Phyſiognomy, to me ſeems not to be controverted, and for the following Reaſon. The Connoiſſeur at firſt Sight determines the good and ill Qualities of any Object within his Cogniſance; he has derived a kind of Infallibility from his natural Genius, aſſiſted by Obſervation and Experience. A good Gardiner knows aſſuredly the Quality and Maturity of any Fruit by its outſide, without cutting it. His Attention has placed him above that Maxim, which is accounted a Treaſure of Prudence, that *there is no judging by Appearances.*

If it be ſo with every Being, can Man be thought to be without his Phyſiognomy? If that of the inanimate and irrational Creation be infallible, why not that of the rational? And according to the Compariſon of *Ariſtotle*, who penetrates ſo far into this and many more Branches of Knowledge, by the ſole Force of his Mind, If a Huntſman judges, and judges aright, of the Qualities of Dogs

Dogs only from their Colour, Eyes, or Head, why may not the Features of a Man's Face be as ſure Grounds of Conjecture to a Phyſiognomiſt?

If it be allowed that there is a Phyſiognomy, it muſt be ſenſible and ſubject to our Diſcernment: as Nature does nothing in vain; it neither would, conſiſtently with that Wiſdom which ſhines through all the Works thereof, nor could form it to lie hidden and inexplicable: Phyſiognomy being an outward and neceſſary Repreſentation, or Expreſſion of all the Principles and conſtituent Faculties of every Individual; it is quite congruous that this Expreſſion ſhould be legible to an obſerving Eye.

The Countenance of a Man may be ſaid to be like thoſe aromatic Vegetables which exhale their peculiar Odours, untill they are quite deſtroyed; and a Looking-Glaſs will continue to ſhew a Face till it is reduced to Pieces, too ſmall to receive the Reflection.

The Countenance is a Looking-Glaſs not liable to be altered by the Contrivances of Vanity, or by any other Paſſion; it exhibits any Conſtraint or Artifice to conceal ourſelves, and the very Veil in which we would ſhroud ourſelves, is

plainly viſible in it: it diſtinguiſhes Nature and Art ſo plainly, that a ſudden Gloom, a momentary Change, a tranſient Vexation, a Freak, a Caprice, are there diſtinctly repreſented; ſo that the Eyes, which are acquainted with theſe Optics, are not to be impoſed upon by any ſpecious Affectations; they can as readily diſcern what is natural or feigned in a Perſon, as they can diſtinguiſh a natural Face from one which is diſguiſed with Paint and Coſmetics.

I dare even advance, That no certain Judgment can be formed of Men, but from their Phyſiognomies; they can vary their Talk at Will, and their Actions are moſtly decided by Circumſtances; it is their Phyſiognomies only which declare their real Tempers. The Alterations which worldly Viciſſitudes produce in Men, are no more than external, their Diſpoſition being ſtill the ſame, and all the wonder at ſuch ſeeming Metamorphoſes ariſes only from a Neglect or Inability to judge of Men by their Phyſiognomies, in which is to be read what they are unalterably, amidſt afflictive or proſperous Incidents.

I ſhould think that I had widely miſtaken the Phyſiognomy of a Perſon, of whom

whom any thing ſhould be afterwards truly ſaid to raiſe the leaſt Wonder in me. I never abate nor heighten my Eſteem or Contempt for thoſe of whom I have formed an Idea from their Phyſiognomy; as the Idea is infallible, the Inference is unalterable. There are ſeveral Perſons whom I greatly eſteem, and for what they'll never perform, but I am convinced of their Diſpoſitions, and theſe merit an Acknowledgment; if Opportunities, Circumſtances and Incidents are out of their Power, muſt their inward Benignity, their hidden Valour, their ſecret Concern for the Welfare of Society, be diſregarded?

I entertain myſelf very often, when alone, with aſſigning Stations to ſome particular Perſons; and I have had this Pleaſure much heightened in bringing them to a frank Recognition, that in the Circumſtances which I had appointed them, they ſhould have acted in all Reſpects as I had preconceived. As my Determinations have often been remarkably verified, and the good Opinion which I originally had of my Conjectures, is confirmed by repeated Experience, I ſhall never be brought to retract my Confidence in Phyſiognomies; with me

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it is nothing leſs than Imprudence or Malice to judge of Men by Report. To cenſure or praiſe a Man to me, whom I have never ſeen, is ſpending one's Breath to no Purpoſe; ſhew me him, let me look him in the Face, which is free from all Artifice, and then I ſoon know what he is made of: why, ſay you, what can you ſee in any Face but Features and Lineaments, common to the whole Species, a little different indeed in Size, Shape, and Colour: agreed, but then from theſe Differences, does there not reſult ſomething not only particular to each Individual, no two Men having been perfectly and in all Reſpects alike, but ſomething ſo declarative of his Temper, that he muſt be of a very unpromiſing Phyſiognomy himſelf, who cannot decypher its Characters.

This Skill in Phyſiognomy is like other peculiar natural Talents, as unſearchable in its Origin, and unattainable by Application; they who are poſſeſs'd of them, often are ignorant of their Reality; and, without any Inſtruction, they perform what others with the moſt aſſiduous Endeavours cannot compaſs: The Truth is, that as the exact Judges of Phyſiognomies have had no Teacher, they cannot inſtruct Men who have not a previous Aptitude,

tude, and this Aptitude is not acquirable: Several actually have this Talent, without a proper Confidence to uſe it; awed by Prejudices, they apprehend an Error, where their Diſcernment is infallible. An Accident gave me the firſt Hint, that I was endowed with this Talent; then I with Tranſport fell to cultivating it, and now preſume to ſay, that by a Series of Experiments I have brought it to Perfection.

Though it be a Gift of Nature, it admits of Art and Labour; as Diſcoveries which are purely natural, rightly improved, may lead to many others; after a happy Conjecture or two, one comes into a kind of Rule, which ſeldom, or never, I ſhould ſay, proves erroneous; but this Rule is not arbitrary; no, it is a kind of Inſtinct, and which will manifeſt itſelf; all that Art and Labour procure us, is a Facility in judging, which amazes the unlettered.

This is alſo a very pleaſurable Science: The Diverſity of Genius's and Tempers, greater even than of Faces, affords infinite Entertainment: The Scene is continually varying, and the Mind ſurprized with a Succeſſion of Novelties in every Speculation, and Novelties, not leſs myſterious than Hieroglyphics to moſt, which

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is no ſmall Addition to the Delight. *Alexander* was diſpleaſed with *Ariſtotle* for publiſhing his Philoſophy: Knowledge was of little Value with him, when once become common. Nature phyſically conſidered in ſome Reſpects is infinite, but who can expreſs the unlimited Scene of Wonders it affords to a moral View? This not only is converſant with whatever exiſts through all the vaſt Expanſe, but comprehends the Indications of every preſent and future Event. Remember what an Entertainment it was to you when at —— you were for knowing my Idea of every Perſon there; you could not forbear expreſſing your Aſtoniſhment at the Juſtneſs of my Anſwers, on Perſons whom you very well knew, and who were Strangers to me.

This Taſte is never ſatiated: Tho' I am not very eager after Diſcoveries, I frequently amuſe my Eyes with going to ſtrange Places, and come away unobſerved, having made the whole Company contribute to my Diverſion. I omit the Diſcoveries of ſuch Paſſions, which are only accidental in any Tempers; neither ſhall I dwell on the Diſtinctions I make, (yet of which, the very Subjects in whom they reſide, are not ſenſible) betwixt the

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Vivacities of the Mind and that of the Body; betwixt Perſons of acquired, or conſtitutional Talents; betwixt Perſons of mere Learning, and others of mere Wit; betwixt thoſe who have made a bad Mixture of both, having begun to blend them out of Time, or without Method; betwixt thoſe who conceal their Paſſions and thoſe which ſhew them; how ill-grounded the Eſteem of the former is, and the Contempt of the latter. I ſhall only indulge the Pleaſure of communicating to you my Treaſures; and I dare ſay they will not appear deſpicable to you; if they ſhould, it would be the moſt ſenſible Mortification; for I love you better than all my favourite Phyſiognomies put together: So farewel.

LETTER III.

IT ſeems then, that a certain Philoſopher, to whom you have read my two Letters, is amazed at my Pretenſion, and longs to ſee a Specimen of it. Deſcribe him to me, and I'll decypher him; he will not be the firſt whoſe Diſpoſition I have traced thus at ſecond-

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hand. I know you to be too accurate to miſtake any Feature, and too candid to make a fallacious Repreſentation. How ſhall I triumph, if he himſelf owns the Reſemblance? That would indeed be *argumentum ad hominem*. Theſe kind of Pictures are what I do not uſually pretend to, as the deciſive Point of View in a Man often eſcapes the beſt Eyes, and ſome are more difficult to hit than others.

However, I am not afraid of being once out: Like one who being uſed to treat his Friends with Liberality, is not diſturbed at any unexpected Viſit; the Suddenneſs of it excuſes Defects in the Entertainment, and the Conſciouſneſs of his good Will, keeps him from being diſturbed, if they ſhould be ſo unreaſonable as to take Offence. Don't let him into your Deſign, leſt, if he does not oppoſe it, he may falſify his Viſage, and thus deceive you; for with all your Sagacity and Knowledge of the World, you cannot bring yourſelf to ſuſpect any Counterfeit in a Philoſopher.

Though genuine Philoſophy be averſe to every Appearance of Fraud and Diſſimulation; yet is it really made by many an Inſtrument for more artful Deceit,

ceit, the Engine of Pride and Avarice: For my part, I own my Indulgence towards thoſe Perſons who act in their natural Characters, and can excuſe Slips in them, which I would not, if they affected to maſk themſelves; no, he whoſe Humours and Vices I bear with on account of his Openneſs, becomes odious, and unworthy of Pardon, or any Countenance, whenever he has Recourſe to Duplicity, and would faſcinate the Eyes of thoſe whom he calls his beſt Friends.

Every one has his Paſſions; whoever goes about to perſwade others that he is free from them, muſt have but low Thoughts, Morals and Intellects; and at the ſame time his ſetting up Pretenſions for ſuch an Immunity, and his endeavouring to impoſe upon the World with regard to his Paſſions, raiſes a Suſpicion, that they are not of the beſt Sort; accordingly they who walk with their Eyes open, far from contracting Intimacies with, are always upon their Guard againſt Perſons of ſuch a Diſpoſition. It is my higheſt Delight, when, by analizing their Faces, I detect the World of Evil lurking in them; and where it may be of Uſe, I expoſe them; for their circumventing of ſo many is a

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real Vexation to me; now, their Succeſs is entirely owing to the Want of a proper Skill in Phyſiognomy, which with a ſingle Caſt of an Eye, penetrates into the Falſity of their Pretenſions.

I have found that theſe Impoſtors cannot endure me; they cannot, with all their Effrontry, ſuppreſs the Confuſion, which ſeizes them at Sight of me; but the ſure Conſequence of this is, a rancorous Hatred, as I have ſeverely experienced; but let their Malevolence, employ all its Shifts; let them ridicule, rail, detract, and even combine againſt my Welfare, I ſhall be buoyed up by the generous Satisfaction, that I have ſet a Mark upon ſuch a fly, arrogant, venomous Breed. A Man muſt certainly be of a very baſe Caſt, who turns his Malevolence againſt another, purely for not being ſo weak as he would have him —— Here I break off, to read a Letter juſt come to hand; I ſuppoſe it turns upon phyſiognomical Queſtions; if they are worth your knowing, they ſhall make a Part of this Letter.

I was in the right; I am aſked whether it be convenient to carry Phyſiognomy to Perfection. Three eſſential Reaſons are ſtated for the Negative,

tive, to which my Anſwers are required. The firſt, and which I take to be the ſtrongeſt, is this, Good Men are vaſtly out-numbered by the bad. Now, where is the great Uſe of a Skill, which only helps to a Diſcovery of every wicked Principle in them? Muſt not the human Heart be amazed, be ſenſibly grieved to ſee its Species ſo contemptible, or rather deteſtable. This Science too uſually begets Miſanthropy, the prudential become cold and ſuſpicious in their Converſe, or wrap them themſelves wholly up in Solitude, that they may not fall Victims to thoſe miſchievous Paſſions, which the Viſage ſhews to be ſtirring in the Heart, and which break out with ſuch Variety of Evils in the World.

The ſecond is a Corollary from the firſt. Such an Inſight into the Receſſes of my Correſpondent, is dangerous to him who is poſſeſſed of it. It excites Averſion from all Quarters. Very few care to be ſearched into; they know it is a Teſt they cannot ſtand; moſt Men are ſure to put on a Diſguiſe, when with Perſons who, they apprehend, can read their Hearts in their Countenances; beſides, who does not hate that Perſon

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by whom he is conſcious he can't be be eſteemed?

The laſt is the Inutility of this Science to the Adepts in it; for being in common with all others, ſubject to ſudden Contingencies and fortuitous Events, with which Life abounds, it is beyond their Power to prevent them, or turn the Courſe of them to their own Views. In ſhort, Phyſiognomy is neither honourable to Mankind, whom it depreciates, nor pleaſurable to Individuals, whom it torments, nor beneficial to thoſe who are vers'd in it, not one real Good (as he is pleaſed to think) accruing to them from this Talent.

My Correſpondent is ſo full of the Force of theſe Objections, that he concludes I ſhall be aſhamed of ever having beſtowed a Thought this Way, ſo that one leſs fortified than myſelf, againſt Plauſibilities and Appearances of Truth, might be daunted by ſuch Aſſertions, and the Air of Triumph, which runs through the whole Letter; but I'll face them, and here is my Anſwer, which, if it conveys nothing new, and inſtructive to yourſelf, it may to your Acquaintance.

Men are rather indiſcreet than wicked; by a phyſiognomical Inveſtigation their Endowments

Endowments become known equally with their Defects; if they loſe in one Reſpect they are Gainers in another; and the moſt accurate Judge of both is ever the moſt indulgent; they who know Men beſt, are eaſieſt of Forgiveneſs: Philoſophy, which is the Baſis of this Science, inclines them to balance the good Qualities with very favourable Allowances, and to make the moſt of Men; which is not done in an hermetical Retirement, Miſtruſt, or Obdurateneſs of Heart, but by improving from their Acquirements, without ſnarling to no Purpoſe at their Failings, and by a virtuous Prudence guarding againſt their Fraud or Violence.

Such an Inſight into Men is accuſed of leading to *Miſanthropy*; where is the great Crime in having a little of it? let who will be without it. If the Contempt of our Species ariſes from a Knowledge of them, is Hiſtory, which relates the Actions of Men, leſs chargeable with it than Phyſiognomy, which diſcovers their Tempers. If Hiſtory relates the bad, ſome good are alſo to be read; and if inſtead of being exploded as detrimental, it has been praiſed, ſtudied, and encouraged for its Inſtructiveneſs,

neſs, whence this Clamour againſt Phyſiognomy, a much more certain Guide, as it ſhews the real Character of Men, abſtracted from the Influence of Circumſtances.

The ſecond Objection following from the firſt, my Anſwer to it, ſhall in like Manner have a Connection with what I have already propoſed.

It ſhall be always my firm Perſwaſion, for Declamations are of no Weight with me, that all Things, rightly conſidered, it is better for every one, with Exception of a few abandoned, to be thoroughly known, than otherwiſe; for no Individual ever was without his Virtues or Talents. Such is our Compoſition, that in characteriſing Perſons, our Sight is ſo fixed on the Evil in them, that it overlooks the Good; that we are more propenſe to cenſure than commend, and that a true Idea of no Perſon can be ſtated, till after a long Attention and impartial Examination, and under a Variety of Occurrences.

There are ſome Men looked upon with an evil Eye, and without any apparent Reaſon. My own Experience convinces me, that he eſteems moſt Perſons who conſults only his own Ideas. I have

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diſcovered in many, Accompliſhments and Virtues, of which I had never heard a Word, tho' their Faults had been repeated to me over and over.

Beſides, a wiſe Phyſiognomiſt draws a Veil over the exceptionable Part, exhibiting only the amiable and decorous. I believe, that in general our Fraternity take more Pleaſure in giving due Praiſe, than in ſtigmatiſing with deſerved Reproach; in Prudence they ought; for a Fault-finder is a dangerous Diſtinction. Love and Hatred, Fear and Indifference, are ſeldom determined by Juſtneſs and Reflection. Who breaks with his Friends on account of their Faults, or does not rather pity them, if they are carried away by any Vices, without any Decreaſe of Tenderneſs? Again, how many Perſons of finiſh'd Characters, can meet with nothing warmer than Indifference?

The third Objection is ſo falſe, that I can hardly vouchſafe it a Reply.

As Phyſiognomiſts do not affect Fortune-telling, the Point is not, whether they can or cannot guard againſt ſudden Contingencies, and fortuitous Events, as they are termed. It is enough that

they have ſuch a Knowledge of the Perſons within their Sphere, as might be a Preſervative againſt the Inſidious or Brutal; and yet, very unluckily, they ſeldom are ſeen to put it to this Uſe, though the moſt important. They ſeem to mind no further than the Pleaſure they feel in the Truth of their Obſervations, and this only by way of Amuſement, not as any ſerious Buſineſs. Phyſiognomy may, in this Senſe, be compared to Geometry, where the exceſſive Pleaſure of demonſtrating Truths to one's ſelf, often diverts the Mind from carrying them into Practice. I expect the Picture of the Philoſopher, and muſt tell you, that till I have it, not a Syllable ſhall you have from me, as much as I am

Yours.

LETTER. IV.

THIS is double Dealing, indeed; inſtead of only one you ſend me two Pictures, and conceal from me which is that of the Philoſopher. Thus you

you turn againſt me the very Caveat I gave you againſt him: However, I am ſo far from declining the Trial that I even anticipate the Pleaſure which you will have of confirming yourſelf by a Proof of your own propoſing, in the Certitude, which you ought to entertain of my Candor and Perſpicacity. He whom you deſcribe is, it ſeems, of a a ſallowiſh Complexion, with ſmall, dull, hollow Eyes, which he almoſt ſhuts when he laughs: His Manner of Laughter is no way agreeable, opening his Mouth too wide: It even ſeems to indicate ſome Conſtraint and Pain: When he ſhuts his Mouth it gives a Tetricity to his Looks; his Noſe is all of a Piece; his Countenance wears a ſettled Gloomineſs; and his Forehead is of the uſual Size and Figure. As to his Shape, which is the very worſt that can be, his triangular Body, his Knees turning inward, and his emaciated Shanks, they are all out of the Queſtion. From the aforeſaid Deformities you may well imagine, that I would diſengage myſelf from undertaking ſuch a Picture. And I would have you think, that my unbounded Deference to your Inclinations

alone, relying on your Diſcretion, could prevail npon me to finiſh it.

My Inference, then, from ſuch an Aſſemblage is, that Envy governs him, that all the Good which he ſees is an Eye-ſore to him; that having no Diſpoſition to do any himſelf, he could wiſh there was none at all done; that being unable to hinder it, he lays out himſelf with indefatigable Rancour, to efface the Glory which reſults from good Actions; that it is his higheſt Satisfaction, when, by his venomous Calumnies, and ſiniſter Conſtructions, he has perverted a Company to think, that the warm Benevolence of many is Vanity, or Profuſeneſs, and that Tenacity is to ourſelves a prudential Caution againſt the Viciſſitudes of Life, and to the Neceſſitous a Spur to Induſtry; I take him to be covetous and adulatory, ſelf-ſufficient, and arrogating to himſelf, Qualities which had never the leaſt Place in his ſordid Heart. I am apt to think, that his paltry Talents, under the Management of what Genius he may have (for I allow him ſome) has procured him a ſmall Fortune: I ſuppoſe he is as laviſh of his Praiſe on the Dead, as he is

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of his Cenſures on the Living. Self-Love renders him converſable, and even ductile, without a ſingle Spark of genuine good Nature: He is rather a Coward than mild: Theſe Diſtinctions are unheeded by the Bulk of Mankind, unleſs in important Junctures, which occur but very ſeldom: If he knew me, he would be far from loving me.

However, of all this Ill which I have told you of him, remember nothing but what has been verified to you by Experience. I may be out, and miſtaking ſome Parts of your Deſcription, may have formed a hideous Phantom, tho' I account it a Reality. This Caveat againſt my own Conſtruction, I think due to Equity and good Manners.

Moreover, if he has a Taſte for the Sciences, he may have maſtered ſome of them, which he knows how to turn to the beſt Account; for he may be ſaid not ſo much to have ſtudied them, as the Knack of making the moſt of them. I conclude from his Manner of his laughing, that he is ſomething underwitted, I believe the principal Seat of his Phyſiognomy to be in the Projection of his upper Lip, which, with the Diſpropor-

tion of the under, very much reſembles the Snout of a Fiſh.

I ſhould be ſorry if this Creature ſhould prove to be no other than your Philoſopher, it would be a thouſand Pities you ſhould be one of the many on whom he has impoſed. By no means conſult him what Opinion you are to entertain of others; he would quite miſguide you, and infect your good Nature: It is his Intereſt to think Mankind bad, and he is not capable of ſeeing their Goodneſs.

The other Picture is much more taking, and I hope of the two, the Original ſtands higheſt in your Favour: His continual Smile and open Air promiſe a great deal of good Humour: Your Deſcription of his Mouth is a ſure Pledge of his Candor and Probity; I dare ſay they are both above the common Level; the Clearneſs of his Eyes denotes Vivacity and Judgment of Matters within his Verge; poſſible, his Penetration may ſuffer ſome Diminution by his Corpulency; what he wants in Fire and Mettleſomeneſs is better compenſated by Compoſure and Equanimity, the Symmetry of his Lips may recommend him

him to ſome Eyes: All I ſhall ſay of it is, that it indicates an eaſy Diſpoſition, and Cordiality in Friendſhip. From your Account I am inclined to think, that he ſhould not be a Man of Letters by Profeſſion: However, if he is of the ſcientifical Claſs, he is not the firſt who fills a Poſt, for which Nature never deſigned him; he will not fail to acquit himſelf of it properly, and to the Delight of all under his Inſtruction. And what Talents can conſtitute a more endearing Character? That I am not more circumſtantial in my decyphering theſe two Pictures, is owing to the Conciſeneſs of your Delineation. A Face affords a thouſand Subjects of Obſervance, each of which are expreſſive of ſome good or evil Faculty or Diſpoſition. It ſeems ſtrange, even beyond all Comprehenſion, to you, that Vices and Virtues, Habits and Inclinations, Talents and Faculties, Complacencies and Averſions, which in Appearance are ſo cloſely link'd with Spirit, that they are ſcarce to be defined abſtractedly, ſhould be legible by corporeal Deſignments; ſuch as the Colours and Modulations of Matter.

Your next Queſtion, to be ſure, will be, what is the Colour of Ambition? or whether a Circle, Triangle, or Square, be the Index of Anger? You are very welcome to be as jocular as you pleaſe about my Conceits. I like them the better for affording you ſome Pleaſantry. If I cannot demonſtrate my Syſtem ſo incontrovertibly as to turn your Ridicule into Acquieſcence, and make you a Convert to Phyſiognomy; I'll ſtake my Life on it, that you'll be brought to own it is not without ſome Veriſimilitude.

But the great Outcry is the little or no Advantage to be reap'd from this Science; and I am inceſſantly peſtered with Queſtions how much the better I am for it: Now, this I know to be a Sneer on my Situation, but which does not reach my Perſon: I anſwer, that indeed when uſed by way of Amuſement, it is not very lucrative; but then I am ſure, that if I would have turn'd it to another Uſe, it would have furniſhed me with innumerable and ſure Opportunities of bettering, and even agrandizing myſelf: However, if it is to be ranked among the Virtues, Sciences, and Endowments,

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it is no Wonder that it ſhould not be productive of Emoluments or Diſtinction, every thing of that Stamp labouring under Depreſſion, or very ſeldom emerging above a Competency.

The only Advantage which I have reap'd from Phyſiognomy (and I prefer it without Heſitation to any other) has been to procure myſelf a Set of firm, ſtaunch Friends, on whom I may on all Exigencies rely, as they may on me. You know what various Shapes the Count *de* ——— and the Chevalier *de* ——— have aſſumed to wriggle themſelves into my Intimacy, and how I have eluded all their Artifices: Now, it is Phyſiognomy alone which prompted me to that ſtubborn Reſiſtance, by which I eſcaped their contagious Acquaintance. The leaſt Engagement is not a Matter of Indifference, it not being in our Power to recede at Pleaſure: And how often are we deceived, though our Knowledge of others be founded by a long and familiar Commerce, but without the Air of infallible Phyſiognomy?

Let my Friendſhip, which has ever been invariable, without the leaſt Ebb,

anſwer for my Idea of you ; I even dare to ſay, that few can love you ſo well as I do, becauſe few can know you ſo well.

The Talent of Phyſiognomy very often promotes Humanity ; for the Generality of Men are more quick-ſighted to diſcern the bad than the good Qualities of others, or faſten on what is obviouſly faulty, without minding whether their Virtues do not equiponderate ; whereas the Phyſiognomiſts alone penetrate into what lies under the Exterior, beyond the Ken of vulgar Eyes. How many would be loved and eſteemed, and even idolized, were they but well known, and the often falſe Light of their Circumſtances, corrected by the equitable Optics of Phyſiognomy.

But I check myſelf for this long Preamble, and, according to Promiſe, haſten to the fundamental Principles of the phyſiognomical Science. Though this makes the Knot of my Syſtem, it ſhall be no Gordian Knot to me, at leaſt not put me to ſuch an Evaſion as that did *Alexander* ; you may expect to hear from me ſhortly. Adieu.

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LETTER V.

YOU allow that I have hit the Original of the two Pictures pretty nearly, but are impatient to know by what Tokens I place the chief Seat of the Phiſiognomy of the firſt Picture on the upper Lip. To give you a clear Conception of this, beſides the Abſtruſeneſs of the thing itſelf, is the more difficult, as my own Notions of it are as yet but obſcure and involved: Phiſiognomies of this odd Situation have frequently come in my way, and ſome even more odd, where the Teeth were the deciſive Indexes. Have you yourſelf never obſerved Fangs inſtead of Teeth, and are not ſuch declarative of a beſtial Nature. In others, the Seat is the Noſe or the Forehead, the Cheeks or the Chin.

The Eyes are generally the deciſive Part, and here a Remark offers itſelf concerning the Eyes. Any Emotion or Paſſion, which animates them to a Degree, that they ſeem to emit Fire, paſſes for Wit, and even Sagacity; ſo that many a falacious Proſtitute would be thought to have a deal of Wit, could ſhe

refrain

refrain from any other Speech than that of the Eyes. In general, it is an Aſſemblage of Colours and Features which conſtitute a Phiſiognomy; and from a ſenſeleſs Affectation of ſeparating theſe, has ſprung that Swarm of divinatory Sciences, which though all vague and illuſory, were originally bottom'd on the Certainty of Phiſiognomy.

The Conjunction of Colours and Features was their Pole Star, and when once Men wandered from it, they ran into wild Meanders. Are not Metopoſcopy, or the Knowledge of the Forehead, together with Chiromancy, or the Knowledge of the Hand, ſtupendous Inſtances, not ſo much of Preſumption and Deceit, as of Credulity and Fanaticiſm?

Here, by the way, obſerve, that the moſt abſurd Sciences are of a rational Origin, and the Neglect and Ridicule of them is wholly owing to an undue magnifying of their Conſequences; 'tis on this Account that the ſuperficial and ignorant, who are every where the Majority, peremptorily condemn them all without Reſtriction.

Aſtrology, for Inſtance, is no more than an abuſe of Aſtronomy: Chemiſtry

miſtry has given riſe to the *Opus Magnum*, and moſt Incantations derive from Botany and natural Knowledge.

To return to the main Subject; ſometimes Nature is pleaſed to unveil itſelf in one ſingle Feature. This is indeed an Exception, yet does not invalidate the above Poſition: Not one Sign, but the Conflux of many, ſays *Ariſtotle*, warrants a right Judgment.

It was a complex Survey of all *Socrates*'s Features, which enabled *Zopyrus* to diſcern the corrupt Nature and vicious Diſpoſitions of that eminent Philoſopher; and it was after attentively viewing *Sylla*, that *Orobathes* the *Parthian* Ambaſſador, expreſſed his Wonder, that young as this *Roman* was, he could bear any equal in the whole World. Had *Cicero* taken his Opinion of *Cæſar* from his Phiſiognomy, and not his effeminate Dreſs, as he owned after the Battle of *Pharſalia*, he would never have been ſeen in *Pompey*'s Camp.

This Miſtake of *Cicero*, leads me into a Reflection, which is not to be omitted; that Attitudes and Gait, Carriage of the Body, which are accidental or contract-

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ed by Cuſtom, are very diff rent, tho' hard to be diſtinguiſh'd from thoſe, which Nature produces by the Diſpoſition of the Limbs, and Texture of the Organs. The Difference betwixt them is no leſs than that betwixt Art and Nature; but moſt Men are ſo abſorbed in lucrative Schemes, and attach themſelves with ſuch Toil and Eagerneſs to their Trades, that few poſſeſs that Delicacy of Touch and Perception requiſite to a ſucceſsful Study of Nature.

He, who taking a Stranger by the Hand, pronounced him to be meanly born, by the Callouſneſs of his Skin, might commit an uncivil Error; ſuch Changes are the Effect of all kinds of Work; the niceſt Artificer cannot eſcape thoſe Impreſſions on his Body which are conſequential to his Calling.

Though the famous *Antony Coipel* was at that time unknown by Face to me; happening to ſee him at the *Italian* Play-Houſe in a very attentive Poſture, during the whole Repreſentation, with his Thumb in a vertical Direction, as bearing his Palet; I affirmed him to be a Painter.

I have heard that in the time of the incomparable *Conde*, whoſe Genius was adapted for every Thing, it was uſual to lay Wagers upon the *Pont Neuf*, about gueſſing the Profeſſion of the Paſſengers who went by, only by their Gaite, and that his Highneſs would ſometimes very familiarly divert himſelf at thoſe Experiments.

It is not at all ſtrange, that the Body ſhould be affected by Cuſtom, for the Mind itſelf, without cloſe Circumſpection, and repeated Conflicts, will ſuffer from its Influences. That Soul which can preſerve its Purity and Greatneſs from the Contagion of Cuſtom, is of an uncommon Caſt. Does not every Condition and Claſs ſeem to have its particular Principles and Biaſs, and to ſee Things in very oppoſite Lights? Is there no knowing what a Man is, without ſeeing him in his working Habit? Half an Hour's Diſcourſe will as certainly let you into his Vocation, and give you a Taſte of his Intellects.

They, who are capable of penetrating into theſe differing Influences and Affections, attain a Knowledge which Amazes even themſelves, and may bring on

on them the Appellation of a Magician. Habitude grafts on us both Vices and Virtues, to which we had little or no Inclination, but which never come up to thoſe of our own natural Growth. What is a Liberality which is ſollicited, or the Effect of Vanity, compared to natural Benevolence? Many a one continues in a fraudulent Trade, to whom Nature had given the whole Furniture of an honeſt Man.

To lay no great Streſs upon acquired Virtues, is a generally received Maxim, becauſe they do not actuate on us with a Power like thoſe implanted by Nature, nor ſtand the Shocks of Temptations; but to diſtinguiſh them is the Gift of very few. The affected is well known from the plain Man, and the aukward from the graceful, and the Woman with artificial, from her whoſe Charms are purely natural. All this is but a ſuperficial Knowledge, the Object of Senſe, and lays no check upon a *Volpone* who cannot fail of being confident, that in the preſent Neglect of Phyſiognomy, a Genius improved by Practice, may ſucceſſfully conduct any Deceit, and perſonate the

the Character he pleaſes, without Detection.

LETTER VI.

IT is Time, ſay you, that I ſhould lay down ſome Principles, and this is what I long more to be at, than yourſelf, who require them: To give you a previous Knowledge of many of the Conſequences, I thought would facilitate your Perception of the Truth of the Principles; they like the Dawn uſher in the Brightneſs of the ſucceeding Day. You would be apt to ſlight the latter, if the former had not exhibited to you their aſtoniſhing Effects; and as in this Point, to make known at once all we would and all we ought to ſay to be clear and expreſs, is impoſſible, this laid me under a Neceſſity of dividing the Subject.

What matters it, after all, where I begin, if I do but end well: if my Voyage prove fortunate, I ſhan't quarrel with myſelf about the Courſe I ſteered. My extreme Deſire of your Approbation, and the Glory of making you a Convert

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to Phyſiognomy, will excite all the Powers of my Mind to attend this Work: beſides Self-Love, that mighty Motive, that delicate Sentiment, palpitates for the Succeſs of it. However, no Principles, yet; I have ſomething elſe to ſay to you, to which they for the preſent muſt give Place.

A Man next Kin to a Stranger, caſually meeting me, would force his Gabble upon me; yet with no ſmall Art winded the Diſcourſe ſo as to fall upon Inconſtancy. Whether he thought it was my Foible, or he was afraid I ſhould ſuſpect that he was tainted with it, I am not certain, tho' inclined to think the latter. He run through a confuſed Ribblerow of what he had heard, or his own fruitful Brain furniſhed him againſt Inconſtancy. I heard him out very compoſedly, and at the Concluſion, only told him, that he ſeemed to me a very miſerable Creature, in not freeing himſelf from a Defect, againſt which he could ſo fluently inveigh; he turned upon his Heel, and I fancy for the future will let me go my Way. His Inconſtancy was expreſſed in his roving Eyes, he looked upon every thing, but ſaw nothing. It may be ſaid

ſaid all this was only Levity; no, no, it was all pure Inconſtancy, the worſe of the two, Age curing the former, and increaſing the latter.

It is a Vexation to me, that ſo little Account is made of Phyſiognomies; I could not bring one Woman to allow I had any Portion of Reaſon, while another will have it, that I have too much.

The Chavalier ——, has called upon me, but, chiefly to enquire after your Welfare: after I had ſatisfied him about that, which is no leſs dear to myſelf: Well, ſaid he, are you ſtill beating your Brains about Phyſiognomies; I'll engage, anſwered I, that they'll never trouble your Brains. He took my Anſwer like a Man of Senſe, and made a Handle of it to aſk me Queſtion after Queſtion about his own Talents and Inclinations; I ventured to demonſtrate, that to think, was in him Preſumption, of which he never was aware before, though he has been thinking theſe Forty Years paſt. He not only very obligingly thanked me for this Diſcovery, as a Treaſure which coſt him no Pains, but has ſo induſtriouſly ſpread it abroad, that it has brought me already above Thirty Viſits to the ſame Purpoſe.

Purpoſe. If this Humour ſhould hold, I may ſet up for a firſt Rate Conjurer.

You know, what Eſteem, I allow to Wit, when it is alone; and one, who has nothing beſides, will needs be learning Phyſiognomy of me, and peſters me ſo outrageouſly about it, that I am afraid my only Reſource is, to tell him flatly, that he tires me; Words of inſupportable Pungency to thoſe mere Wits. That he will never attain, what he is ſo hot upon learning, may be concluded from his not having as yet penetrated into my Idea of him. Now, a Word about the odd Warrior whom you recommended to me. His Thoughts of me divert me infinitely, they alter at leaſt every Day; and if at the end of the Month I were to put into his Hand a Diary of his Thoughts, I dare ſay it would raiſe a Bluſh even in that hardy Face, but the Uneaſineſs of another, I ſeldom make a matter of Merriment.

Do you know what mortifies me in him? Not his Unſettledneſs, not the continual Variations in his Sentiments of me; 'tis, that with him, the only eſteemable thing in me, is what I eſteem the leaſt of any thing in me, and that is Wit.

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He would put me into a Paſſion, did I not repreſs its firſt Motions: he apprehends I have ſome deceit in my Eye, when my Words and Behaviour expreſs a warmer Cordiality than uſual. He is no leſs upon his guard againſt what I call my Virtues, than I ſhould be againſt Vices. A Simplicity of Heart abſtracted from Stupidity, is with him a Chimæra, he can't conceive that Wit ſometimes, dwells with Candour, Truth, and even Ingenuouſneſs. To tell him that this very Simplicity is in ſome an Emanation of the Exberancy of Wit, as in others it is owing to a total Want of it, is ſo many loſt Words; it is a Diſtinction beyond his Graſp; he is inflexibly for inverting every Thing, and ſo I give him the Rein, yet is he far from being alone in this; every Day brings me in the way of many, who, though under an invincible Incapacity of judging aright in any one Thing, peremptorily paſs their Verdict in all Caſes.

To bring theſe Perſons to a right Knowledge of themſelves, would be doing them and others a notable good Turn. But then the Riſk is alſo too great, the Aberrations of all Ranks juſtify their Cenſures,

Cenſures, and their Fatuity countenances them, ſo that they are hardened in a Confidence of Impunity. Irremediable Evils are the Exerciſes of Philoſophy. Diſmiſs, then, all painful Reflections on the ſeeming Partiality and Impropriety of all Allotments; and inſtead of fretting and exclaiming that Folly ſtalks bare-faced in all Places; let us comfort ourſelves with the Freedom of laughing at it covertly: a Freedom which affords no ſmall Satisfaction, *Experto crede Roberto.*

There is another Species, and ſometimes theſe are of that Caſt, which delight in Flattery, and ſhun the Man of Probity, as ſcorning to flatter them, and who believe a Man deſtitute of Parts and Accompliſhments, who does not artfully make Parade of them. They are too ſhort-ſighted to diſcern what Modeſty conceals, or Circumſtances have not brought to Light: accordingly, after ten Years familiar Acquaintance with a Man, they ſeem ſtrangely amazed at any ill or good Quality in him, which had, all this time of Intimacy, eſcaped their Obſervation; but the very firſt Day were plainly legible in his Phyſiognomy.

I ſhall cloſe this Letter with a Story, which may be called a Game at Phyſiognomy.

I ſupped t'other Night at an Acquaintance's, where among eight others, was a Woman, who knew as little of me as I could of her. The Converſation was for a while vague and general: I did not ſpeak to her, nor ſhe to me. I obſerved her, however, to eye me with an uncommon Fixedneſs, and ſuch as ruffled me even to Bluſhing; which ſeeming to put her in high Spirits, Spight helped to compoſe my Countenance. This Game was perceived only by one Gentleman, who ſitting next to me, whiſpered that there was a Deſign upon my Carcaſs: but I feigned not to hear him. After an elegant Supper, and an Hour or two no leſs elegant Chat; the Lady roſe, and called upon me to hand her to her Coach; ſhe ſimper'd all the Way, but without ſpeaking one Word, though I had not been wanting to expreſs my ſenſe of the Honour ſhe did me, in as gallant Terms as I could, and I am accounted to have a choice Aſſortment of them always at command. She drove home, and I was not long out of Bed; but

but was too much impreſſed with the late dumb Scene, and too intent on unravelling the Myſtery of it, to cloſe my Eyes.

The very next Day, and before Nine, one of her Domeſtics was with me, and brought me her Compliments, deſiring that I would ſend her the Explanation of the Enigma, which I had read over Night at Supper. I inſtantly ſaw thro' the Alluſion, and roundly ſignified to her the Interpretation I had put upon her Looks; adding a Requeſt, that ſhe would alſo acquaint me with what ſhe might imagine to have read in mine. In her Anſwer, ſhe proteſted, that I had exactly hit the Mark, and traced all the particular Succeſſions of her Ideas and Conjectures. As a Return due to ſuch Candour, I owned to her, and it was almoſt Truth, that her Letter was a perfect Tranſcript of all the Thoughts and Agitations of my Mind, that ſhe beat me at my own Weapons, and ſurpaſſed me in my favourite Science. You can never imagine the Details of which theſe reciprocal Eclairciſſements conſiſted; nor can I expreſs the Gratulations and Raptures

tures which they gave me; charmed with the Multiplicity of faint Conjectures, and confirmed Sentiments, which paſſed thro' each of our Souls in a continual Variation, not one ſingle Circumſtance had been miſrepreſented or omitted in our Intelligence. Though this Day's Letter ſhould not prove to your Taſte, depend upon full Amends by next Poſt.

LETTER VII.

HAS it never been your Fate to be intoxicated with a fond Eſteem for one who was very undeſerving of it, at leaſt to ſuch a Degree? Either you have been the Dupe of another, or another has been your Dupe; this Alternative holds good univerſally, without Allowance of any Medium. Not one Houſe within the Sphere of my Acquaintance, but has its *Oracle*, and to whom that at *Delphos* was not fit to hold a Candle. The Sway which that Name bears, is not unknown to you; yet theſe *Oracles* cannot procure themſelves a Hearing but among their Votaries. What Parts they

have, ſeem to be eclipſed elſe-where, or their Arrogance prejudices their Capacities. Happy are they who can long maintain this authoritative Opinion of their Infallibility; for where one dies in the Odour of Sagacity and Virtue, the Superficialneſs of many is detected.

It has ſeveral Times been my good Fortune to fall in with ſome of theſe ſame *Oracles*. They are eaſily diſtinguiſhed by an overbearing Air and dogmatic Vociferations among their Auditory. 'Tis a great Step, if they have the Addreſs to make Religion ſubſervient to their Authority: then the Prepoſſeſſions of their Admirers gathering Strength from the Sanctity of the Motive by which they are animated, ſo bewilder their Underſtandings, that the moſt glaring Contradictions from the *Oracle* are digeſted as harmoniſing Truths; and if they allow him to have any Alloy of human Frailty, 'tis not before he has run through a long Courſe of Debauchery, and Flagitiouſneſs.

Let it not be imagined, that Wit alone, with all its Sufficiency and Acuteneſs, is an univerſal Preſervative againſt this intellectual Servitude. I aſſure you,

on;

no; the Buſy, the Idle, the Imaginative, the Reaſoners, the Viſionaries, even the Geniuſes, as they are called, who declare againſt all Principles, are frequently ſeen, with all their Stock of Wit, to bow the Knee to *Oracles*. Some of theſe *Oracles* are perfectly honeſt in their Way, believing in their Heart all they ſay, and whoſe Admonitions flow from their Conſcience and Underſtanding. Theſe, though not intentionally ſo, may be dangerous by their Weakneſs; but it is ſeen, that their Openneſs brings their Veneration to a haſty Period, as it ſeldom thrives in any Station: There is no being a thorough *Oracle* without ſome Duplicity. The *Oracles* among the Pagans, which ſtood their Ground the longeſt, were thoſe which were managed by Prieſts of the moſt ſubtle Contrivance and impoſing Deportment.

I uſed to reject, as extravagant Fictions, all the Stories of the Oracles in Heatheniſm; but an *Oracle* of my Acquaintance has brought me to conceive, that even the ſtrangeſt of all which are handed down to us, were practicable, and that there is nothing improbable

in them. As heartily as I deſpiſe the Character, I cannot but in ſome meaſure admire his Addreſs and Spirit in acting it, and be pleaſed with his Wit, at the ſame Time that I execrate the Uſe to which he puts it. He alone has been of much more Entertainment to me, than a thouſand undeſigning, ſaturnine or uniform Mortals.

Plutarch tells us, that at *Sparta*, the moſt virtuous Republic which ever exiſted, Adroitneſs in Thieving was rewarded; but without exculpating the Act of Theft, which, if ſo aukwardly executed as to be diſcovered, was exemplarily puniſhed. What Calamities have not been brought upon whole Nations by theſe peſtiferous *Oracles*; Errors and Prepoſſeſſions are found to haunt a Throne; though naturally it affords, and certainly requires, a more intimate Knowledge of Humanity; innumerable are the Inſtances of Sovereigns, who have ruined themſelves and their Subjects, by regulating their Adminiſtration from the Dictates of weak or knaviſh *Oracles*.

What has been ſaid of Men in geneneral, is equally applicable to the other Sex.

Sex. Very far be it from me, to intend to exclude Women from the Knowledge of Phyſiognomy; nay, I am apt to think, that their Minds unembarraſſed with the Spinoſities of ſcholaſtic Sciences, are more clear and vivid, more ſubtle and delicate, and conſequently better adapted for phyſiognomical Reſearches. If they have a good Fund of Wit, they may be eaſy about the Sciences; the Want of them is then abundantly compenſated by their natural Refinements, and not ſeldom to their conſiderable Advantage.

Nor is the Utility of Science to Men, always an Equipoiſe to its ill Effects, and the Mind, by too intenſe a Culture, becomes incraſſated. Study will bear a Compariſon with thoſe medicinal Drugs, which if inſtrumental to expel ſome Diſtempers, are productive of others, from which we were before free. I have ſeen Women, without any other Inſtruction than that of a natural good Senſe, diſcourſe more juſtly, and argue more appoſitely, beſides the Elegance of Expreſſion, than many Scholars who had exſtinguiſhed all theirs in accumulating Science. Nature and Truth go Hand in Hand,

but Science ſometimes takes a Pride in deviating from Nature.

Of all Learning, the moſt eſteemable is that which appears planted and nurtured by Nature, without the ſupercilious Shew of Study, and has no Twang of the College; but this indeed is a *rara avis in terris*, and if I have ever met with it, it has been in a Woman or two; and in them I aſcribe it to that Delicacy, which is their Appennage.

I intend a further Enlargement on this exquiſite Delicacy of Sentiment, wherein you ſhall ſee how it reſults from the Delicacy of their Texture and Conſtitution, on which it is ſo dependent, that in Women of a robuſt Make, and maſculine Diſpoſition, this Delicacy is quite wanting; their Ideas are coarſer than thoſe of Men. Excuſe my breaking off here, a Letter which I ſhall communicate to you, being this Moment brought me, and requiring an immediate Anſwer by the Meſſenger.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

HERE is the Anſwer which I returned to the Letter, which obliged me to ſhorten my laſt. I inſtantly reſolved to ſend it you, in Hopes that if it does not perſuade, it will entertain you; nor is it foreign to our epiſtolary Topick, as it turns upon a Requeſt to know my Thoughts about Scriptural Phyſiognomy, as the Adepts term it; that is, the Phyſiognomy of Hand-Writing, and whatever relates to any kind of Phyſiognomy comes under my Cognizance. You'll ſay my Juriſdiction is of a large Extent; it is ſo with a Witneſs; for were my Vaſſals as numerous as the Phyſiognomies decyphered by me, not a Nobleman in *France* could figure with me. Well, now for my Anſwer. I am of Opinion, that the Phyſiognomy of the Writing of any one, is far from being a ſure Indication of his Mind or Heart; yet as I declare againſt laying any great Streſs upon it, ſo do I account it not altogether inſignificant. The Inſtances, which are toſſed about *pro* and *con*, are far from being concluſive,

the Authors of them being of a Character which invalidates their Evidence; Perſons little qualified to enucleate Difficulties. Secondly, the Paucity of theſe Inſtances gives room to think that they are only lucky Gueſſes, the Effects of Chance, to whom we are indebted for a Multitude of Things, which raiſe our Admiration, only becauſe we won't be at the Pains of inveſtigating their real Cauſe and Origine.

If I were inclined to impoſe upon your Eaſineſs of Belief in what comes from me, an Inſtance would be very pat here, which is ſaid not only to have happened in the Reign of *Lewis* the XIVth, but in which that great Monarch himſelf was concerned.

One who ſet up to characteriſe Perſons from their Hand-Writing, became known to Madam de——, by Means of *R*——, an Officer of her Houſhold; and as *R*—— could counterfeit the King's Hand, ſo that his Majeſty himſelf could not perceive the Artifice; he was ordered to give her a Specimen of a few Lines; then ſending for this *lynceus* Conjurer, ſhe ſubmitted them to his Examination. He dealt entirely upon the

the Square; for without any Enquiry about the Writing, or any Fear of the Conſequences of his Freedom of Speech, in a Country where it lies under ſuch Reſtraints, that Caution has rendered Diſſimulation habitual, he ſpoke his whole Mind (than which nothing could be worſe) upon the Writing. But, admire the Subterfuge of this Blade: when he had gone through his ſcandalous Decypherment, and that Madam *de* —— was for making him believe the Writer was no leſs than the King himſelf; he readily anſwered, That his Art extended only to Men, and not to Kings; but that, if it was the Writing of a private Perſon, the Picture, however ugly, was like. Madame *de* ——, who had too much Reaſon to know, that *R*—— was not a a whit better than he had been deſcribed, diſmiſſed the Phyſiognomiſt with a Gratuity for his unparalelled Skill. At a favourable Juncture, ſhe confeſſed to the King the Freedom ſhe had taken; and his Majeſty was the more delighted with the Trial, as it evidenced that there were Differences betwixt his Writing and that of *R*——, which the Conjurer had ſeen into, as being the Grounds on which he

founded his Interpretation ſo oppoſite to any Thing in himſelf, and in every Point ſo exactly ſuitable to *R*——. However, ſhe took Care not to make a public Talk of her Experiment, as it might not have met with ſuch a favourable Conſtruction from every Body.

This Fact, as it ſtands thus, makes prodigiouſly for Scriptural Phyſiognomy, yet alarms that Suſpicion with which every thing that ſavours of the marvellous ought to be entertained. For however it may appear pregnant with Demonſtration, it is not ſo much as ſolidly concluſive; firſt, becauſe, there is no Certainty that the Fact, in every Circumſtance, quadrates with my Account, though I had it from very good Hands. To authenticate Facts, is a Work of extreme Intricacy: yet, were that previouſly ſettled, it would ſave a World of Claſhings and Contentions. Secondly, might not this ſame ſagacious Decypherer get ſome-underhand Intelligence, that the Writing was by *R*——. Is it likely that he would have dared to declare to Madame *de* —— all his Conjectures about the King, when every one of them implied either Ridicule or Infamy.

my? Beſides, who will aver, that this decyphering could not be fortuitous; as Chance overrules a Multitude of ſuch Occurrences, though imagined by the Generality to have no Share in them.

Any thing out of the common Courſe cannot eaſily work itſelf into my Belief, and among others the Caſe in queſtion; for were there ſo near a Reſemblance betwixt *R*——'s Writing, and that of the King, the neceſſary Conſequence, according to this Syſtem, muſt be, that their Tempers were not very different; which is notoriouſly falſe, all Nations, his moſt obſtinate Enemies themſelves, allowing that his Majeſty poſſeſſed in an eminent Degree all the Qualities of a Gentleman; Nature had adapted both his Mind and his Heart for Sovereignty. His Subjects conferred on him the ſublime Title of *the Great*; other States acquieſced in the Propriety of the Honour, which will be perpetuated by Poſterity, ever juſt in its Eſtimate and Veneration of Merit.

Before this Story receive the Stamp of Truth, I would have it brought to the Teſt, by ſuch Reflections on Writing as theſe: It is out of all queſtion, that moſt of us write ill or well, according

as we have learned, that the Teachings of the Maſter in a great meaſure give the Turn to our Writing, and we endeavour to cut our Letters by his Copies; yet an Affinity betwixt the Maſter's Talents and Inclinations, and thoſe of a School full of Boys is not ſo much as ſuppoſable in general. Another Conſideration is, that it is the Calling which makes the ſkilful Penman. We either improve our Skill or neglect it, according to the Neceſſity of our Affairs; and many a one who could write a very fair Hand at his Entrance into the World, his ſubſequent Station not requiring the frequent Uſe of the Pen, he becomes ſo diſuſed, that the Writing of the Man won't ſhew by that of the Youth; yet his Negligence in this Point does not imply a Negligence in all others.

Laſtly, Writing being a Matter of Art, and a Mechaniſm to which we are brought by a kind of forced Poſition and Motion of the Fingers; (for we are not formed naturally for Writing, as for walking, ſpeaking, and other eſſential bodily Functions, to all which the human Organization ſo correſponds, that we do them of ourſelves, and with Eaſe)

evidences,

evidences, that Writing is an Acceſſary beſides the Purport of Nature, and conſequently that Writing having more of Art than Nature in it, muſt be, if at all, a very imperfect Indication of Nature, which having numberleſs Ways, and ſuch as are of its own Deſignation, by which to make itſelf known, it is not ſuppoſable, that it would reveal itſelf in a Way which is not derived from itſelf, which is independent of it, and whoſe Relation to it is only collateral: However, as there is no excelling, even in Things wholly artificial, if Nature be not ſuitably adapted, and the Work be ſet about *invitâ minervâ*, as the Ancients Phraſe was: So this Aptitude of Nature will ſhew itſelf in any artificial Performances to which it has concurred. This Aſſiſtance, the Origin and Impreſſes whereof are attended to by very few, and ſo delicate as to be often fruſtrated and extinguiſhed by the Faults of the Workman, is the only Sign or Index by which any Judgment is to be formed of him. Now, can ſo ſlight a Mark be the Clew to lead us to a thorough Diſcernment of his whole Character? If this Mark were ſo expreſſive in Writing, it muſt equally hold

good

good in Sculpture and Painting; ſo that from a Sight of a Statue or Picture, you might determine the intellectual and moral Qualities of the Artiſt; which is not ſo.

Here, then, let us hold, that in Writing, as in Sculpture and Painting, ſome general Idea may be formed of the Artiſts by their Works; they may afford ſome Glimmerings of their Vivacity or Dulneſs, of the Delicacy or Coarſeneſs of their Touch; of the Diſpoſitions or Obſtacles implanted in them by Nature to thoſe ſeveral Arts: But to analyſe the whole Man, to paſs a deciſive Verdict on all his Tempers, is Caprice and Adulation, or Malignity. The Conformity muſt be merely caſual, and tends to foſter in us a dangerous Fanaticiſm, which, heated by the Succeſs of Trials of little or no Moment, may proceed to others equally groundleſs, but far worſe in their Conſequences.

I have ſeen many who could readily alter their natural Writing into another ſo very different from it, that any of theſe *ſcriptural* Phyſiognomiſts muſt have concluded from the Hands, that they were deſining two very oppoſite Perſons.

Supple

Supple Fingers perform all ſuch Counterfeits, and the moſt which can be concluded from them, is no more than a Knack of imitating the Skill or Aukwardneſs of others.

To this poſſibly may be objected, what I have heard often maintained, but by Perſons who argued looſely, that every one has his peculiar Way in the Formation of Letters, and that this Peculiarity, which is inimitable, is the Seat of *ſcriptural Phyſiognomy*, as if this Formation was not liable to be altered by Deſign, Neglect, a bad Pen, or Hurry, and that it did not depend in general on the firſt Turn our Hand took when under the Maſter's Guidance and Inſtructions. Beſides, as I uſed to urge, ſtate me this Formation; let me know wherein it conſiſts, what it is, what are the Modes thereof; after all, the Principles whereby it is to be examined, can be no other than thoſe which I have already expreſſed.

As to Childrens Writing being like that of their Fathers, it is far from being always ſo; but were the Reſemblance univerſal, it would ſtill make more againſt the Phyſiognomy of Writing;

ing ; ſince, however alike the Writings might be, the Diſpoſition of Fathers and Children are uſually ſeen to be extremely different.

But I am aſked, Children are like their Father, at leaſt in Shape ;- why, then, ſuch a Difference in Temper? Anſwer you, who judge of the Mind by the Shape, the Solution does not concern me. All I ſhall ſay to it is, that Shapes and Phyſiognomies are Things ſo different, that there may be a perfect Likeneſs of Shapes, where there is not the leaſt of Phyſiognomies, and that it is the Phyſiognomy which is the Rule of our Judgment, without any Regard to the Shape.

I believe what has been ſaid abundantly ſhews, that little Streſs is to be laid on Writing, which being mechanical, and having only a ſecondary Connection with Nature, all Syſtems for explaining natural Properties by it, muſt, in the very Nature of Things, be deficient and inconcluſive.

This Araignment of *ſcriptural* Phyſiognomy ought to prepoſſeſs you in favour of my general Syſtem of Phyſiognomies, as to admit the Shadows of

Fancy,

Fancy, and argue from airy Ideas, after rejecting a Syſtem, becauſe not warranted by inconteſtable Principles, would be acting in Contradiction to myſelf, and the direct Way to gain no Converts, but ſuch as are not worth having: However, it muſt be left to you, and I am, *&c.*

LETTER IX.

YOU are continually telling me, that I ſhall bring more Adverſaries upon my Back than I am aware of; but be it known to you, that I ſhall have many more Fautors to ſecond me than you apprehend. Every body is pleaſed to ſee any other in the ſame Track of thinking with himſelf: Now, Court, City and Country ſwarm with a Tribe who conceit themſelves to be Adepts in Phyſiognomy, and who imagine they comprehend all I ſay, whereas, in Fact, it is a dead Letter to them; not that I plume myſelf with the Suffrages of ſuch Folks, yet they will ſerve

to wrangle and clamour in my Behalf againſt ſuch of my Opponents who are as futile as themſelves, and who cenſure with the ſame Ignorance as they approve.

But the cardinal Motive which lies next my Heart, and determines me to undertake a formal Syſtem of Phyſiognomy, is, the great Number of thoſe who have an actual Skill in Phyſiognomies, who decypher them exactly, without knowing it, and to whom a clear Diſcovery, that they are well founded, would be the higheſt Satisfaction. We often preſume ourſelves to be ſo when it is otherwiſe. Now this is called teaching others Wit, and is of all other Sciences the moſt noble and benificent, and ſo critical, that it is not every one who has a Stock of Wit ſufficient for their own Turn, who is capable of it. Beſides, I claim no Acknowledgment, no Reſpect from any who may be benefited by my Inſtructions. To give a rational Gratification to their Self-Love, is my preſent Satisfaction, as their commendable Uſe of it is the ſole Recompence I have in View, and herein, I truſt, that from their known Ingenuouſneſs, I ſhall not be fruſtrated.

Yeſter-

Yesterday a Lady gave herself the Trouble to visit me; the Occasion was to know my Thoughts of her. As I had long since seen into her physiognomically, I made her pray me over and over not to say any thing to her. She extolled me to the very Skies, and enlarged with profuse Elocution on her own Deserts; for, by her Account, and she seemed to mean no less, she was wanting in no one amiable or useful Quality. She took her Leave, if not with an Air of Exultation at any Encomiums, yet of entire Satisfaction at my Silence, which had afforded her the Freedom of displaying Abundance of the most brilliant Wit, as she imagined.

Among the insipid, groveling Multitude there are not wanting some who have a noble Disposition and endearing Commerce; but he who can take up with none but the perfect, must find the Inconveniency of such a Nicety, the Number is so very small, and a Confinement to a few, tho' the best of Company is apt to breed a Lassitude; besides, these are not accessible to every one. I am sorry that the Chevalier *de* —— is not to your Taste: Possibly you may have judged

judged of him by the Temper of the Day; and there is no knowing him truly that Way. He is quite void of any Art or Diſguiſe; all is natural in him to the higheſt Degree. He is ever juſt as the Weather happens to make him. His Temper is a perfect Barometer; with all his Struggles, after an equable Situation of Mind, he finds himſelf invincibly over-ruled by the Impreſſions of the Air. No Place like *Languedoc*, he ſays, for benign Influences, and an exhilerating Æther: His Mind as ſenſibly acquaints him of a Change in the Air, as the Breaſt of Valetudinarians; and if he may be credited, the exacteſt Inſtruments do not foretell Rain, fair Weather, or Wind, more punctually than himſelf. He is the moſt diverſified Field of Phyſiognomies of any who have come under my Inſpection; a thouſand different Tempers, and not one of them odious, concenter in him. If a Diſpoſition, the oppoſite Extreme to Tenacity, has betrayed him into ſome Errors, himſelf has been the only Sufferer; his Faults have not affected the Fortune, Perſon, or Reputation of any one. Recollect if it was not a foul Day when he was with you; for I am cer-

certain, that otherwiſe you muſt have been taken with him. If he calls upon you again, let me deſire you to keep him till the Weather clears up; then you'll be entertained with a Change which ſeems to you ſo inconceivable, and of which I would by all means have you convinced.

The apparent Similarity betwixt the Structure of human Bodies in general, does not exclude an infinite Difference betwixt them; theſe Differences, though only particular, relate to the whole, and are ſometimes of ſuch Weight, as to preponderate againſt any principal Part, and decide the Workings of the whole Machine.

We have all Pores; theſe Pores are a Kind of imperceptible Apertures, through which ſomething is perpetually going out of, or coming into our Bodies, but in general, the former is much the larger Quantity. Theſe Pores are not alike in all Bodies, ſome having next to none, ſome being full of them; in ſome they are cloſed, and in others open. Now, why may not the Pores of the Chevalier's Body be ſuch as to admit the Air more eaſily than in moſt other Bodies?

dies? Whence it may reſult, that there is a more copious Influx into his Body of the aduſt, humid, and all other Qualities of the Air; that this Congeries of oppoſite Qualities muſt act upon his Body with uncommon Force, and intimately communicate themſelves to his Nerves and Muſcles; and the more, if there be in the Nerves and Muſcles any particular Diſpoſition to admit ſuch a Permeation.

By theſe Nerves and Muſcles the Body is indubitably moved; they externally execute ſpiritual Operations, as they perform all corporeal Operations. If theſe Inſtruments happen to be diſordered, their Operation is ſo too, and when they are in Tune, their Operation is anſwerable: But if the Blood, which is the Support of theſe Inſtruments, and from which they derive their proper Activity, be primarily ſubject to the Impreſſions of the Air, whether they proceed immediately from without, or our Food, with which Air is always incorporated, be their Vehicle, what can with-hold your Aſſent, as there ſeems to be a kind of Dependence, that there may be a good deal of Analogy and

and Reſemblance betwixt the daily Diſpoſition of ſome Perſons, and the predominant Temperature of the Air, and that in all its Variations.

A very ſhort Illuſtration will, I am certain, convince you that it muſt naturally be ſo. The Lungs receive ſtill a greater Quantity of Air than what is admitted through the Pores, that being their only Aliment, and the Life and Office of them conſiſting in a perpetual Reception and Emiſſion of the Air. Allow but the ſame Conſequences to the Impreſſion of the Air on the Lungs, as have been ſhewn to reſult from its Impreſſion on the Pores, and it will be manifeſt, that the Blood, between which and the Lungs there is a neceſſary and never-ceaſing Communication, muſt partake of whatever may happen in the Lungs themſelves; and if once the Blood, by means of the Lungs, and the Nerves and Muſcles by the Pores, or by the Blood circulating through them, are impregnated with the Qualities of the Air in their full Force, why ſhould it ſeem ſtrange, even to be denied, that the Humour and Carriage of a Perſon, in whom this Impregnation

tion is more copious, and more forcible than in others, the Blood and Nerves of his Body abſolutely deciding his external Operations, ſhould correſpond and keep Time with the Temperature of the Air? Moreover, the Cauſes of this Impreſſibility continuing the ſame, produce a Change in the outward Man with every Variation of the Weather.

Poſſibly you'll next challenge me, that I ſhould explain to you the different Qualities of the Air, which are infinite, the Arrangement and Figures of the Nerves and Pores, of the Particles of Blood, and of the Lungs, which in every Man are not perfectly alike, and of which our Diſcoveries are hitherto but incompleat; and that after all this, I ſhould demonſtrate to you the Analogy of theſe ſeveral Things. But nothing of this is to be expected, the Effects ſhould be convictive, and in Matters wherein our Senſes afford us but ſuch a very dim Light, we ought, without Cavil, to acquieſce in Probability. I am, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER X.

YOU tell me my laſt gave you a great deal of Pleaſure; I wiſh you Joy of it; for as ſtudious as I am in ſearch of Pleaſure, it is often wanting to me. To put any other Pleaſure upon a Level with that of the Mind, argues a moſt depraved Taſte of Pleaſure. I allow a Mixture of Pleaſures; it is conſonant to our Compoſition, which is itſelf ſuch a wonderful Mixture; and let us improve this Mixture by Variety. An uniform Happineſs ſoon loſes its Reliſh, and palls upon the Senſe. Variety is ſaid to be the Life of Pleaſure, and that all concur in this Saying, is evident, from our exceſſive Fondneſs for it in every thing.

This Letter will not come up to the laſt, though the Scope thereof be the ſame, and I hope that, ſo far, it will not be diſagreeable to you. Do you know whence it comes, that ſome ſtupid Perſons are found to have an uncommon deal of Wit in their Dreams? The Anſwer to this Queſtion would carry me very far, ſo I ſhall contract it for you.

It is ſcarce any longer doubted of, that we differ more from each other by our Organization, and the Mixture of Humours, than by the Soul itſelf, of whoſe abſtruſe Nature we ſhall never attain to any clear and competent Knowledge: Therefore it is a compleat or a defectuous Organization, or a proportionate or diſproportionate Mixture of Humours, which makes the Wit or the Dolt. Let none exclaim againſt this Hypotheſis as diſhonourable to Humanity.

From whatſoever Origin the Men of Genius derive their Pre-eminence, it gives them no room to be proud of it; a compleat Organization, or a happy Mixture of Humours, being no more at their Choice than a comprehenſive Soul. If the external Actings of the Soul are over-ruled by the Organization and Humours; if our Parts can be judged of only by theſe external Actings, which cannot vary from the Organization and Humours, whilſt they continue in their original Diſpoſition and Quality; we ſhall be accounted ſtupid or witty, juſt as they exhibit us.

The

The Force of this original Diſpoſition is, in the Generality, obſerved rather to ſtrengthen with Age, and very ſeldom to decline; ſo that it is very nearly the ſame when a Life has reached a hundred Years, as it was at the Age of fifteen. If Children are born with crooked Legs, is it ever ſeen that Age ſtraightens them? And if they are born ſtupid, how can they become witty? It is not every one who is a capable Judge when a Child is really ſtupid. Many a Child looks to be ſo, who is quite the contrary. It is a faulty Way of ſpeaking to ſay, Such a Child, whom I knew next-kin to an Idiot when he was ten Years old, has now an uncommon Share of Wit; ſay rather, That Child, whom at ſuch an Age I *imagined* to have little or no Wit, now ſhews me that I was egregiouſly miſtaken.

There is a wide Difference betwixt having Organs as yet hampered, or Humours, whoſe Mixture is not perfected, and having Organs, the ſettled Tenſion whereof produces Stupidity, or Humours, of whoſe preſent Mixture, Stupidity is the neceſſary Reſult. The one is a caſual Infirmity, which Time will

amend; the other is a Work of Nature, which alters not, though its Variety be infinite, and it works oppoſite Extremes from the ſame Things, differently, but imperceptibly, combined.

How happens it then, that the ſame Perſon, who is ſtupid when he is moſt awake, can have witty Dreams? or, he, who when cool, is a meer Oaf, may be quite humourous in his Cups? Theſe two Inſtances are too much alike to be disjoined; all their Difference lies in the Manner; and the Principles which I have advanced, lead to the Solution of both theſe Enigma's, intricate as they ſeeem.

Theſe two Perſons, who are under a neceſſary Stupidity by the Courſe of the Motion within them, and who muſt remain ſo whilſt this Motion is in the ſame Direction and Quantity, may, by any violent and extraordinary Agitation, or by any Quieſcence happening within them, appear in a very different Character. Imagination amuſes itſelf during the Relaxation, which Sleep brings on the ſtrongeſt Organs; its Force and Delicacy are improved by this Ceſſation, and act with a Freedom from

from which it is debarred, when the bodily Syſtem is in a general Motion.

Repreſent to yourſelf a Perſon ſtrictly watched by ſeveral Centinels; who, at laſt, being overcome with Sleep, he goes out, and in, without Obſtruction, makes his Appearance in many Places, where, before this fortunate Sleep, if he had dared, he could not ſhew his Head. Such is the Soul of a ſtupid Man when ſleeping; his Organs are his Guards, which are no ſooner relaxed by Sleep, than his Soul, having free Egreſs and Regreſs, wantons in the Joy of uncontrouled Liberty; the Variety of Characters which it aſſumes, and the Series of Adventures in which it is engaged, during its Rovings, will prove an admirable Production, which yet if he happens to relate it when awake, ſhall entertain every body, but himſelf; his Guards now ſtrike his Soul with a ſtupifying Terror, and ſhackle its Activity.

The like Wonder may Wine operate on a ſtupid Man; the *Medium* is indeed as different, as the Effects are ſimilar. The dreaming Man owes his Interval of Wit to natural Reſt; whereas Wit in the

enebriated Man, is the Reſult of a ſuper-induced Action.

Immoderate Draughts of Wine, vellicate the Nerves, and agitate the Juices, by the Fermentation which Intemperance produces. As this Concuſſion accelerates that ſlow Motion which is natural to the Juices of a torpid Perſon; it alſo puts his Organs into briſker Play; ſo that, in this extraordinary Agitation, the ſtiff Organ relaxes, and the relax Organ ſtiffens: There is pretty near the ſame Revolution in the Humours; that which predominated over all the others, is diſpoſſeſſed of its Power; and poſſibly, that which was weakeſt of all obtains the Maſtery, and lords it over thoſe, among which it is of no manner of Influence in a State of Sobriety. The general Alteration of the corporeal Machine, cauſed by this ſuperinduced Violence, from what it is in its natural Motion, being duly attended to, can it appear ſtrange, that the primary Inſtruments of the Mind, being now in a different State from what they were before the Glaſſes began to circulate, the Productions of the Soul, which are dependent on thoſe Inſtruments, ſhould be pro-

proportionably different, and that he, who when ſober, had not a Word to ſay for himſelf, ſhould gradually brighten into a Wit, by the Influence of Wine working a Change (but a temporary one) in the natural Temperament and Texture of his Body. I would not be thought to mean by this Way of Arguing, though it often holds good, that every drunken or dreaming Oaf becomes a Wit: No; the Quality and Quantity of the Liquor, the preſent Habit of Body, muſt concur to producing the Wit of the Drunkard: And as for that of the Dreamer, it may be improved or fruſtrated by the Temperature of his Body, or the Incidents of the Day; ſo that in both, the Wit is precarious. All my Driſt is, to clear up to you an odd kind of Phænomenon, which may fall in your Way; that a Man whom you know to be naturally a mere Mope, is found capable of Wit under two Influences extreamly different; the Quieſcence of Sleep, or the Perturbations of Drunkenneſs.

What has been ſaid of Dreaming and Drinking, holds equally good in other innumerable Occurrences, which throw the Body into an Emotion, the Effects

whereof are ſo oppoſite to Nature, that every one is amazed to ſee ſuch a total Transformation in a Perſon; and poſſibly by means of the ſame Principle, we may account for the ſeemingly miraculous Exclamation of the dumb Child, who by calling his Father by his Name, which does not occur to me now I want it, ſaved him from the Death which he was on the Point of undergoing. If it were in your Power to forbear Dreaming, as much as it is in your Inclination to forbear Drinking; I would adviſe you to have as little to do with the former, as you have with the latter, to keep both at the greateſt Diſtance; leſt, whether drunk or dreaming, you become ſtupid from the ſame irreſiſtible Alteration in the Mechaniſm of the Machine, whence the ſtupid Man derives his Wit. Adieu, I long to know how you reliſh theſe Chimera's of mine; for the wiſe ones will doubtleſs afford them no better Name.

LET-

LETTER XI.

HELP! or I am a loſt Man. The Subject of my laſt Letter required an Accuracy, which would by no means allow me to ſend it to you in its original Form and Subſtance. Now, it has happened, that the rough Draught of it lying, according to my uſual Negligence, upon my Table, a Critic, of more Curioſity than Manners, laid his Hand upon it, and will never forgive me for talking in ſuch a manner of the human Soul. His Idea of it is ſtill more diſhonourable than any thing which ever dropt from my Pen, though he defines it at large, and ſpeaks of it as if he had ſeen it with his Eyes, and has built, on the Nature and Exiſtence thereof, the wildeſt Syſtem which ever was hatched in any Caſtle-builders Noddle. He vows that he'll lay the Matter before you, and ſeems ſo ſure of your declaring yourſelf againſt me, that nothing but the Senſe of your Candour and Perſpicacity buoyes up my Spirits under ſuch tremendous Menaces.

I confeſs my Ignorance in relation to the Soul; and on that Account ſpeak of it with Diffidence and Reſpect, as ſhould be done in all obſcure and doubtful Caſes. Matter is not throughly known to me; Matter! with which I am ever converſant, which ſtrikes my Sight every where in an innumerable Variety of Appearances; my Knowledge of its conſtituent Principles is very ſuperficial, and I cannot, with any Confidence, take upon me to affirm, though authorized by Shoals of Philoſophers, that it is compoſed of four, or only three Elements, which are each abſtractedly in Matter, and whereof the primordial Principles ſhould be inveſtigated, only they unluckily lie too deep for our Reſearches, and ſhould bewilder our Underſtanding in the Maſes of Infinity.

What the Motion is, whereby it is impelled or agitated, I know not, the Vacuum where it is not, and the Place, of which its being there is the only Deſignation, are alſo Myſteries to me. Thus ſhort-ſighted and ignorant, (though my Fellow-Mortals ſee no farther into theſe Matters than I do, only I make no Secret of my Infirmity) what Acquaintance

tance can I pretend to with the Soul, of which I never could have the leaſt Glimpſe? whoſe ſingular Nature comes not within the Cogniſance of any of our Senſes, which are the only means of Perception, with which we are furniſhed; of which, in vain, I have ſtretch'd all my Powers to trace any Shadow of a Reſemblance in all the Multiplicity of Objects which croud this ſo diverſified Scene of Things; whoſe Eſſence and manner of Acting baffle all Diſquiſition, and command Aſtoniſhment.

It really argues a very waſpiſh Diſpoſition, to ſtorm at and moleſt a Perſon, purely becauſe he has not pronounced magiſterially on what he could have no Ideas of: Things would go much better in every Shape, if no one affirmed beyond what he knew; Animoſities would ſubſide, and Controverſies being cleared of Hypotheſes, be ſoon brought to a luminous Period. I can imagine but one warrantable Way of diſcourſing of the Soul; which is, to diſcourſe of the Operations thereof as dependent on the Body; for by theſe only can it be known, as it is by theſe only that it manifeſts itſelf to our Senſes. Let us ſuppoſe it to

be what the Schoolmen and Divines will have us to believe it is; but in diſcourſing of it, let us attend to its external Productions; thus, let us ſay, ſuch a one has Wit, becauſe his Works abound with it; ſuch a one has none, becauſe there is not the leaſt Appearance of any in all he ſays or does. But, here you'll be apt to cry out, what an undeſerved Diſgrace doe ſome Souls ſuffer! Souls of an equal Perfection to thoſe of the moſt accompliſhed Perſons, but wretchedly incloſed in Bodies, by whoſe irreſiſtible Influence, nothing comes from them but Nonſenſe, Indecencies, and Immorality. Spare yourſelf that Concern; probably it may one Day be cleared up, that their Exiſtence in Vehicles ſeeemingly ſo miſallied, was for the beſt. In the mean time, let a Conſciouſneſs of our limited Intellects confine our Attention to what is obvious to our Senſes; let us judge of a Man's Parts and Qualities, of the Goodneſs of his Mind and Heart, by thoſe Denotatives which Nature has delineated on his Body. Equal to his vaſt Knowledge certainly was the Wiſdom and Penetration of that eminent *Scotchman*, of whom I read this Anecdote with infinite Pleaſure: Having

ſuffered

ſuffered in his worldly Poſſeſſions by forſaking the *Northern Hereſy*, and afterwards making a public Profeſſion of *Catholiciſm* at *Rome*, he expected, that in Conſideration of his Loſſes and Learning, the *Pope* would beſtow a Penſion upon him: But being one Day introduced to preſent his Caſe to his Holineſs in Perſon, he, after ſome Stay, broke away ſuddenly. A Friend of his expreſſing great Concern at ſuch an Abruptneſs to the moſt venerable Perſon on Earth; he replied, It is to no Purpoſe for me to ſtay here any longer, amidſt the hateful Buſtle of a rapacious Court; for I know, of a Certainty, that he will never be prevailed on to give me a ſingle Braſs Farthing; Stingyneſs ſtares in his Phyſiognomy; he has a *negative Face*.

This is called inveſtigating the Characters of Men, and deciding them by the Phyſiognomy. By this diſcreet Conduct, whilſt they who preſumptuouſly go about to canvaſs the Nature of the Soul abſtractedly in the Eſſence thereof, continue groping amidſt Clouds of impenetrable Darkneſs; others more humble, having fixed their Obſervations on its Effects, and viewed its Workings through material

material Mediums, have attained to ſome Illuminations, and diſcourſe of it with more Clearneſs and Rationality.

May the Ambition of thoſe, who affecting to be thought high-flown Geniuſſes, deſcant on the Soul as particularly as if they had ſeen it in *puris naturalibus*, be cenſured, decried, and exploded, as a phaetontic Frenzy; but without any Moleſtation to others, who viewing the Soul through a Veil, under which it exhibits itſelf, though, indeed, but imperfectly, have, by their Attention to this Veil, been enabled to give the moſt ſpecious Account of the Soul, which it is apprehended this State will admit, aſcertaining the Spirituality thereof by their reſpectful Cautiouſneſs in ſpeaking of it, much better than the hypercritical Declamations of others, who, after all, know nothing of the Matter. I ſay, let not theſe modeſt Speculatiſts be hooted at as brain-ſick, or ſtigmatiſed as impious, but rather countenanced to proſecute their judicious Syſtem.

You perceive now, I am upon laying before you the true Principles of my Science; if that Appellation agrees with an Inſtinct or natural Talent, which I did not

not invent, though I have improved it by a Multitude of Reflections, in which I have even found more Entertainment than Difficulty, which is far from being the Caſe in all Reflections. Not that I am averſe to them, as the Multitude is; very far from it, I place a very high Value upon them, and ſtrive to habituate and fix my Faculties in them.

In order to the Enjoyment of Pleaſure, that Reaſon ſhould be turned out of Doors, is what I can by no means ſubſcribe to; and what Neceſſity is there for it? For my Part, Reaſon and Reflections, its inſeparable Attendants, ſo far from cauſing or fomenting my Troubles, have afforded me the ſweeteſt Alleviations under them, and often ſuggeſted to me effectual Expedients for putting an End to them: nay, I proteſt, in all the true Pleaſures which ever fell to my Lot, they had a conſiderable Share, and where they are wanting, there's no ſuch thing as Pleaſure of any kind for me; and Humanity is debaſed and beſtialized where it is otherwiſe. I am ſuch a warm Stickler for them, that I can't endure thoſe Songs which decry them as cynical, and incompatible

patible with with every thing that is gay, feſtive and diverting. Not that I ſet up on this Account for a more philoſophic Turn of Mind, or a more refined Uſe of my Reaſon, than others; no, I may often be ranked among the ſimple ones, amuſing myſelf with ſuch Puerilities as would put others to the Bluſh: yet I could quote *Ageſilaus*, (whom, would to God, all Sovereigns reſembled!) playing at boyiſh Sports with his Children. The Amount of all I have ſaid, is that I value my Reaſon; that I have reaped great Advantage from it; that my particular Diſpoſition, which was primarily modified by it, has exerciſed it more for my Entertainment than Perplexity; and that as, of all Things in Life, it has given me the leaſt Vexation, ſo am I beholden to it for the moſt exquiſite Gratifications. I am, Sir.

LETTER XII.

AFTER all the Stones thrown againſt my Method of judging of the Soul by its external Operations, it will

will bear itſelf out; there is a continual Neceſſity of recurring to it, whilſt every Syſtem which builds on any other Baſis muſt fall to the Ground, as preſumptuous and viſionary. You, my Friend, who are converſant with the Literature of all Ages, muſt be ſenſible into what ſtrange Meanders primitive Fathers as *Tertullian* and *Anſelme*, and modern Philoſophers, as *Malebranche*, *Locke*, &c. have run in their abſtract Diſquiſitions on the Nature and Operations of the Soul. My Method once rejected, who ſhall find another Explanation of thoſe Alterations, whether ſudden or gradual, in the ſame Perſon, under which he is utterly another Creature? What *Rationale* can be given for the Impreſſes made on the Soul by the leaſt Irregularity either in the Motion of the Organs, the Courſe of the Blood, or the Quality of the Juices? How can thoſe Averſions or Inclinations, kindled at firſt Sight, with their Increaſe or Extinction, be otherwiſe accounted for? Into theſe three principal Variations are reducible all the others, to which we are ſubject, and whereof the Elucidation puts us to ſuch a Stand. It is to little purpoſe to aſcribe Paſſions to the Soul; there

there are Difficulties to which this Attribute affords no Solution; beſides, I would fain know of thoſe who are ſo warm againſt my external Syſtem, what the Word Paſſions can import, excluſively of the Body?

There is no Man, I believe, who does not diſlike his being ſo frequently in and out of Humour. Were it a Matter of Choice, every one would chuſe a perpetual Hilarity. There is no ſuch thing as being pleaſed with thoſe ſaturnine Seaſons, when we can't draw one ſprightly Thought from the Soul, and, even to ſpeak, is a Trouble.

Are not Compoſedneſs and Conſtancy greatly deſirable in Sickneſs? but where are they ſeen? We daily curſe our Forwardneſs in taking a Fancy to hateful Perſons, and are as much diſpleaſed with our Shyneſs towards the Worthy. As ſpiritual as theſe Operations ſeem, there is no explaining them without having Recourſe to the Body. Theſe gloomy Days which put us quite out of Conceit with ourſelves, are brought upon us by the Incumbrance in the Organs, or an Interception of the animal Spirits. The leaſt Irregularity in the Fibres ſuffices

to

to reduce an admirable Wiſdom to a pitiable Folly. Theſe Sympathies, at which we are apt to wonder, ariſe entirely from a Harmony of the Organs or Humours, as Antipathies or Averſions are equally owing to a Diſſonance thereof.

To lay down theſe Principles, is, I own, a very eaſy Matter, and to elucidate them as difficult. However, the Obſcurity of the Subject is in ſome meaſure diminiſhed by the Exhibition of ſenſible Reaſons for eſtabliſhing one Principle preferably to another. They at leaſt afford us a Glimpſe; and can we pretend to clear Sunſhine, even in the material Works of Nature?

Some may conceit to ſolve all theſe Phænomena, by ſuppoſing an Inequality of Souls, and without being able to offer any thing ſolid in ſupport of their Hypotheſis, will advance, that a Diverſity of Souls may with no leſs Reaſon be thought to produce ſuch a Variety of Tempers, Abilities, and Inclinations, than a Diverſity of the Fluids and Organs. After all, what is the Principle to us, if it lies beyond our Ken? This Uncertainty has not hitherto been incommodious;

modious; the Wheels of Life have moved chearfully under it; ſo that we may ſhift with our Ignorance for the ſhort Reſidue of our Journey. What ſhould we, in effect, be the better, could we clear up the Point to ourſelves beyond all Doubt? would it add any real Worth to us? Away with all Solliciſude, with all Intenſeneſs of Mind, which Party we ſhall declare for in an inſcrutable Problem. Indolence dictates to us to ſtand neuter; and I think, for once, its Advice is good.

If all the Oppoſition to me lay in Repugnancies and Antipathies, I ſhould be inclined to overlook them; they are apt to run into ſuch claſhing Changes as would probably bring them to an End, without Argumentation to ſuppreſs them; but there will not be wanting ſome who will formally enter the Liſts with me; and theſe I ſhall with Pleaſure encounter. Under ſuch an Incertitude, ſays one, it ſeems to me more analogous to Nature to aſcribe theſe Effects to a Diverſity of Souls, than of Humours, Fluids, Organs, and I know not what. Theſe Effects being entirely of a ſpiritual Concern, require a ſimilar Cauſe, as

the

the Soul, which is a Spirit: The Organs and Humours are quite heterogeneous. Can it be conſtrued any Arraignment of Nature to imagine Souls to be as different as Faces, beautiful and ugly, expreſſive and unmeaning? Is it not rather an Increaſe of Wonders, a farther Diſplay of the infinite Power of the Sovereign of the Creation?

This Syſtem gives a better Title to every one's Allotments, and dignifies any Pre-eminence. The Difference betwixt the Wiſe and the Fooliſh, does not lie in the material Organs; no, much more elevated is the Principle of their Diverſity, and the Nobleneſs thereof adds to his Glory, and animates his Joy in the Conſciouſneſs thereof. His Superiority is derived from the Soul, and conſequently much more excellent than the other. Beſides, it is monſtruous to place all the Difference betwixt a Man of the brighteſt Parts and an Idiot on ſo ſlight a Diverſity as that of the Fluids and Solids. That by a nicer Workmanſhip, and a more exact Arrangement of the Wheels and Movements, one Watch may be better than another, is ſelf-evident;

dent; acquainted with the Principle, we are not ſurpriſed at the Effects.

This Excellence, which is owing to Skill and Diſpoſition, is free from all Myſtery: The whole is Matter; the Effects of the beſt Watch are of a ſimilar Nature with thoſe of the worſt. It is not ſo with the Man of Parts. Snow is not more different from Coal, than are his Manners from thoſe of a Blockhead; and if the Principle of this were not his Soul, Matter muſt be it: Now, there is the ſame Principle to the Blockhead as to the Sage, then why are his Actings ſo different? Why, certainly the Cauſe lies in the Diverſity of Souls. This Way of Reaſoning has in it a kind of Veriſimilitude, but which gains only upon ſuch as are Strangers to a Depth of Thought, and will have all Things to be juſt as their ſuperficial Notions repreſent them.

There cannot be a more faulty Way of Argumentation, than to ſay, that it is ſo, becauſe it ought to be ſo; and there cannot be a juſter than to diſcuſs the Thing in itſelf, abſtracted from all Suppoſitions. A Multitude of Effects are admitted, the Cauſes whereof remain hidden,

hidden, and of which it would be dangerous to form any Conjectures upon ſuch a Rule as this, *That ought to be*; ergo *it is*. But to the Declamation itſelf, if Men were not liable to change, but continued immutable in what they once were; if however oppoſite in their Diſpoſitions from others, they were never at odds with themſelves; if they in Reality acted up to *Horace*'s Rule for a dramatic Character,

ſervetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto proceſſerit & ſibi conſtet,

it would go near to put the Inequality of their Souls out of all Diſpute; and the Diverſity of their Morals and Intellects would then incontrovertibly be charged upon the Diverſity of their Souls.

But when I ſee the ſame Man, and this is the general Caſe, under a continual Rotation of Changes, agitated from one Impreſſion to another; ſo that the wiſeſt Man cannot ſecure himſelf from Intervals of Folly; when I perceive the external Manifeſtations of the Soul to increaſe and decreaſe with the Body, and old

old Age to be but another Childhood, through the Debility and Diſorder of the Machine; when the greateſt Difference among Men, which preſents itſelf to my View, is that betwixt a wiſe Man and a Fool, a Difference which I cannot aſſign to any other Cauſe than the Organs; I am, as it were, conſtrained to ſay, though it be not quite intelligible to myſelf, that the Principle of the Diverſity of Parts and Tempers, conſiſts only in the Diverſity of Organization, and that all the external Good or Evil in Man depends on the different Modifications and Arrangements of Matter; Matter which is infinitely ſuſceptible of Vitiation or Amelioration, and whoſe continual Changes, ſmall, no leſs than great, afford me a ſatisfactory Explanation of the Difference among Mankind in general, and of their particular Mutability.

The various Effects which come from us involuntarily, are a freſh Confirmation, that I have the right Key to this Cypher; they are ſenſible Evidences of our Subjection to that Matter, of which we are compoſed; and this Matter being congenial to that wherewith we are en-

encompaſſed, it muſt naturally be liable to exterior Impreſſions, which by their Agigtations may affect our Deportment and Temper, in a Manner quite diſpleaſing to our calm Sentiments. I am, *&c.*

LETTER. XIII.

IT ſeems, then, that my three laſt Letters have occaſioned a Cenſure, that I don't keep to my Text; a Cenſure, however, which will not ſtick. My Drift was to ſhew, that Men were not to be eſtimated, but from their conſtituent Matter; that they being unknowable by the Soul, as inviſible, and which being equal in all Men, afforded no Solution for the Diverſity of their Intellects and Morals (for were this to be decided from the Soul, all Men muſt be univerſally alike) there is a Neceſſity of recurring to the Body, which is ſo very variable, and of admitting it to be the Principle of all the Diverſities among the whole Species, and the Inconſiſtencies in each Individual.

So nice and cautious was *Pythagoras* in the Choice of his Diſciples, that none were admitted, but ſuch only whoſe comely Exterior warranted in ſome meaſure a beautiful Soul: An uſual Saying of his was, It is not every Sort of Wood or Marble which are fit to repreſent an *Apollo*, or a *Mercury*. What an Alteration, but a moſt happy one, would a Conformity to this Maxim produce in all Ranks and Employments; and if they only were deſtined and trained up to fill them, in whom appear a Genius adapted to anſwer the Ends of their Inſtitution!!

Let it once be granted, that it is the different Combination and Texture of the Body, which muſt guide me in my Inveſtigations of the Intellects and Temper, there can be no ſtanding out againſt the Poſſibility, at leaſt, of my deciding Phyſiognomies, whilſt under the Guidance of a Principle ſo ſenſible, ſo analogous to the Subject, and ſo proportionate to my Judgment. I muſt farther add, that the Body has two States, the Inſide of the Body, and its Outſide. Theſe two States, which differ only with regard to us, as ſeeing the one, whilſt the other

other is out of our Sight, compoſe only one whole, which is under the Influence of its general conſtituent Principles; ſo that what we do not ſee has ſuch an intimate Communication, ſuch an invariable Sympathy with the State which we do ſee; that from the viſible State we are enabled to form a Judgment, and a pretty ſure one, of the inviſible.

Thus every Day ſhews us People ſtaring at Things which ſeem to them curious, even to a Prodigy, but their Aſtoniſhment is the Child of Ignorance; for we Phyſiognomiſts, at firſt Sight, fail not to have an intellectual Sight of the hidden Springs, whereby they are produced, though theſe ſame Springs be quite hid from our Eyes. The certain and univerſal Knowledge of the interior Parts of the Body, fits us to paſs our Judgment of what is within from external Tokens. This Knowledge, indeed, is often productive of no Manner of Effect, and unleſs applied to the Point which I am labouring to inculcate, its only Uſe, which is a very pitiful one, is to bewilder Fools, by enabling the *Penetrative* to diſcourſe fluently of what

to them is involved in *Egyptian* Darkneſs.

When this Knowledge is extended to the utmoſt Verge of Improvement, it is the moſt valuable Talent of a conſummate Phyſician, a Character almoſt adorable, but alſo extremely rare. By this Improvement they attain what is called the Diſcernment of Diſtempers, which of all the *Materia Medica* is the moſt eminent, and for his unerring Skill, in which *Hypocrates* was held in ſuch Veneration, that he loſt the *Apotheoſis*, only by being poſterior to *Eſculapius*; for had they been Cotemporaries, and ſtood Competitors, I could venture to ſay, the Election, if fairly conducted, would have gone in favour of *Hypocrates*. Admire the Genius of the Man! At the Sight only of a Patient he infallibly declared his Diſtemper, foretold its Variations, Progreſs, Stages, and Iſſue; and all this without ſcarce aſking ſo much as one Queſtion to any who come for his Advice. To ſuſpect there was ſome latent Magic under this Knowledge of *Hypocrates*, would be ſinking into the Superſtition of our ſagacious Forefathers If he could declare the inward State

State of the Body in innumerable Particulars from its outward Appearance; and if our Phyſicians of Diſtinction manifeſt the ſame Penetration, and tell a Perſon's Condition, if not his Deſtiny, at Sight, this Knowledge muſt ariſe from an intimate and continual Communication and Sympathy betwixt the inward Parts of the Body, and thoſe which are obvious to the Eye.

The more dangerous Diſtempers are, their Principle is generally the more manifeſt; the Impreſſion on the outward Part is more forcible, and conſequently the external Indications more legible. Phyſicians, who have attained to Perfections in this Branch of their Science, cannot fail of becoming nice Phyſiognomiſts; a Facility in applying to the Soul, what they limit to the Body, does the Buſineſs.

This admirable Diſcernment is rather a natural Talent even in a Phyſician, than the Acquiſition of Study or Obſervation. A very little Study brings him to Perfection, if he has the Root of the Matter in him; a Knowledge (but a thorough one) of the Texture and Oeconomy of the Body, is all the Pains he

muſt be at; the reſt comes of itſelf. They, to whom Nature has denied this Aptitude, may ſtudy themſelves blind, without attaining any Inſight into this peculiar Point.

Another Difference betwixt the Diſcernment of Diſtempers, and what I mean by the Talent of Phyſiognomy, which alſo goes under the Name of Metoſcopy, is, that the Diſcernment of Diſtempers implies a Study of the Body; whereas very little will do for the Talent of Phyſiognomy; it appears to be an Emanation of Nature, nor is it the peuliar Portion of eminent Geniuſes; many who are poſſeſſed of it could not give a clear Account of their Manner of judging, however perſuaded of its infallible Certainty.

But to cloſe, for otherwiſe the Cry would be, Here's Digreſſion upon Digreſſion though to charge a Writer with Digreſſion is the frequent Subterfuge of Lazineſs, which is unwilling, or of Ignorance, which is unable to follow him; I ſay, let the Concluſion be, that no Perſon has a predominant Temperature, which does not plainly manifeſt itſelf either in the Colour and

and Quality of the Skin, or of the Eyes. This is a Concluſion which I believe no Naturaliſt will offer to controvert, and from it reſults another as certain, though not ſo generally underſtood, which is, the predominant Temperature decides the Turn of the Mind, for the Mind being univerſally in all Men the ſame, cannot derive that infinite Variety of Characters which every where imbitter or ſweeten Society, but from that Predominancy which bends the Mind to the Inclinations or Averſions of which it is productive.

If then the Mind depends on the Bent, and that Bent is decided by the Temperature or Conſtitution of the Body, and that Temperature is diſcernible by an attentive View of the Exterior of the Body, this fairly juſtifies my Poſition, that the predominant Bent or Temper of the Mind comes under the Cognizance of the Sight; and this is no leſs than the Baſis, the primordial Principle of the phyſiognomical Science, at the firſt, doubtleſs, looked upon ſo chimerical, that the bare Inſinuation of it has been thought a Preſage, that a low Diet, and a dark Room, would very ſoon ſuit me. Though

the warmeſt Signs of Friendſhip in Proſperity are not to be concluded to perſevere in a Change, yet when that is my Caſe, I am confident, from the innate Excellency of your Temper, that you'll pity me; but with Submiſſion to thoſe wiſe Heads, nothing is further from ſuch Circumſtances.

LETTER XIV.

THE Diſpoſition of the Mind being then the Reſult of the Habit of the Body, and the Habit ſhewing itſelf in the Colour and Modification of the Matter thereof, the Myſtery is at an End; and the inward Talents and Humours of a Man are to be concluded from a View of his Outſide; two Things remain ſtill to be clear'd up. 1*ſt*. How the predominant Temperature is to be known by the Colour and Modification of the external Matter. 2*dly*. How the Knowledge of the predominant Matter leads to a Knowledge of the Character, or Bent of the Mind. The former of theſe Problems being wholly of a ma-

material Nature, and the latter almoſt wholly ſpiritual, it ſpeaks of itſelf, that the Solution of the former is much eaſier than of the latter, though this is not without its Spinoſities. I ſhall firſt undertake that which ſeems the moſt obvious, the Knowledge of the predominant Complexion from the Colour and Configuration of Matter.

There are in all Bodies originary Principles, or primordial Elements, the different Combinations whereof produce all the Variety of material Beings. The daily Uſe which is made of Wood for Fewel, whereby the Analyſis of that Body is performed by its own Action, ſhews us, that all Bodies are reducible to their primitive Elements; and if ſuch a Reduction has been hitherto impracticable in any, it is to be imputed to our Ignorance of the effectual Methods, rather than to any Impoſſibility of that Reduction; nor does it in the leaſt weaken a Concluſion, that theſe Bodies have their conſtituent Elements, though they have hitherto eſcaped us, becauſe we are aſſured of the invariable Rule of Nature, equally to be admired in the Paucity of the Principles, which it ever

makes Uſe of, as in the boundleſs Variety of their Modifications. No very deep Knowledge of theſe Principles is required to form the Judgment in queſtion; after a tolerable Application in the Study of their Qualities, which is the predominant Element in the Compoſition of a Body, is a Matter of Facility and Certainty; he muſt be a Chit in natural Knowledge, who errs in his Deciſion. The Chemiſts, who, inſtead of being the Corrupters, as I preſume to call not a few of them, ought to be the Diſciples or Improvers of Nature, cannot conceal their moſt multifarious Mixtures from the Eye of the *Connoiſſeurs*; theſe perceive the Drugs which they uſe through all the Diſguiſe of aſcititious Smells and Colours.

Whatever is the Produce of Nature is always eaſier to be known, however beyond Imitation, than any Contrivance of Art. It is ſome Alleviation to our Pride, under a Senſe of Nature's Superiority, that we already are acquainted with many of its Secrets, and are daily making further Progreſs. Thus, we have got an undoubted Knowledge of the predominant Element in any Body, of that which, above any others, contributes

butes to giv it ſuch or ſuch a Quality, whether it be a Subject of the Sight, Smell, or Touch ; but to ſpecify theſe Elements, and give a Detail of the reſpective Qualities derived from them in the Compoſition of Bodies, is not my Deſign ; the Inſtruction would not be an Equivalent for the Dryneſs.

The Combination of originary Principles is clearly underſtood to be in ſome ſort infinite ; and on this account it will be thought better to avoid attempting to trace it through all its Flexuoſities, than, after all, to leave it imperfect. Beſides, it does not tend to my Scope ; and however agreeable ſuch a Courſe might be to ſome, it would be tedious to thoſe who are deſirous of ſeeing me reach the Goal, and to myſelf, who would not ſo much as have beſtowed a Word upon them, were it not to throw a Light upon the following Compariſon.

As in all material Bodies there are primary Elements, ſo in all human Bodies there are Fluids ſubordinate to thoſe primary Elements, and derived from them ; and it is from the different Mixture of theſe Fluids that proceeds the different Complexions or Tempera-

ments. Theſe Fluids or Humours, whoſe Relation to the originary Elements of all Bodies might eaſily be indicated, are commonly reduced to four, the Blood, Phlegm, Bile, and Choler, and have their diſtinguiſhing Colours aſſigned them; red denotes Blood; white Phlegm; yellow Bile; and green or black Choler. A Word or two diſpatches the Configuration: The Conſtitution of Bodies of extraordinary Strength is on all Hands allowed to be exceſſively terrene, and atrabilarious. The Blood and Air abound in tender Bodies. The Phlegm is known to predominate in Women, whilſt Men have a diſproportionate Share of Choler. Some Philoſophers would make no Difficulty to advance, that Women are Women only through a Deficiency of Heat.

Here's enough for one Letter: I muſt anſwer the chief Objections which lie againſt the Premiſes, before I proceed to my ſecond Head, the Knowledge of the Bent of the Mind from the Knowledge of the Complexion of the Body. As for your Particular, be aſſured of my everlaſting Love; and you muſt think

that

that I have the beſt Opinion of your Kindneſs, when I perſuade myſelf that you are as little tired of reading what I write, as I myſelf am of writing.

LETTER XV.

I Was ſo full of my laſt Letter to you the whole Remainder of the Day, that I could not forbear laying open all the Contents of it to a moſt agreeable Company with whom I ſupp'd. The Ladies, one and all, ſhewed themſelves piqued at the Saying, That Women were ſuch only through a Deficiency of Heat, as highly contemptuous: Theſe punctilious Creatures, though they ſcarce knew why or wherefore they took ſuch Exception, were, nevertheleſs, to be pacified.

I at firſt plied them with all the Common-Places of Gallantry, to give a ſofter Turn to this unlucky Poſition; I told them, and it is the real Truth, that, to this Deficiency of Heat, which had kindled ſuch an unſeaſonable Flame, they owed their fair Complexion, the Softneſs

of

of their Skin, and even that of their Temper, beſides an Exemption from thoſe Toils and Labours, which could be ſupported only by the hotter Conſtitution of Men; that they were accounted the moſt amiable and delightful Part of the Community; that they were the Centre of all Endeavours; and that all the Return aſked for the tender Care which is taken of their Lives and Poſſeſſions, and the Attention ſhewn to their Pleaſures, is no more, than that they would be what they are; that the State of the happieſt Man was far ſhort of that of a lovely Woman; that if a Change were poſſible, they would be Loſers by it; that our Situation was far from being ſo adapted to Pleaſures as theirs, nor our Reliſh of them ſo lively; that we were haunted by Anxieties, Diſquietudes, and Perturbations, which, with the atrabilarious Humours ariſing from our Habit of Body, frequently laid us on the Rack, and imbittered our moſt delicious Seaſons; that as to Wit, it was manifeſt their Temperament was not inferior to ours, or rather that their Wit, when ever they pleaſed to exert it, had a Pungency and Refinement to

which

which we cannot come up; that, upon conſulting their Annals, they would find them full of the Victories of their Sex over Men; and that it would be a miſtaken Pride to value ourſelves upon the Difference of Complexion, the Superiority and Advantage being on their Side.

One more teſty than the reſt, without relenting at theſe Reaſons, kept me to my Text, and aſked me, How, if ſuch was the Caſe, not a few Women were ſo vivid, and as many Men ſo heavy; that my Principle was far from being ſo general as I conceived; that there were ſome Women of a maſculine Complexion, and ſome Men to whom it might be an Advantage to be taken for Women.

I rejoined, That this was all very true, that many Women ſeemed in ſome meaſure deſigned for Men, and many Men had a great deal of the Female in their Compoſition; that the Deficiency of the Completion in each aroſe from a Cauſe very little thought of: I deſired her to obſerve, that Delicacy being the Criterion of Women, as Vigour was that of Men, where it was in the leaſt otherwiſe,

wife, Matters are magnified, and the Decifion often precipitate; but, Madam, continued I, give me leave to explain, as well as I am able, the firft Part of my Anfwer, I mean, that unthought of Caufe by which a Woman defigned for a Man, failed of being fuch; and a Man defigned for a Woman, was formed into a Man. Let a Fable, for it will fcarce admit of any other, ferve for an Illuftration of the Mechanifm of thefe Alterations.

You have heard, to be fure, of *Plato*'s *Androgynus*; an Opinion of his was, that the Male and Female were but feparated Parts of the fame Whole; that this *Whole* was compofed with a perfectly juft Mixture of the four Temperatures; that Hot and Cold, Siccity and Moifture, being duly diftributed, were alfo temperated by each other; that in order to the Formation of Man and Woman, this Whole was divided into two Portions; and that, upon fuch a Junction, Heat and Siccity ufually remained together; whilft Cold and Moifture formed another Coalition; and that this produced the Female, as the Male owed the Diftinction of his Being to the former. This Disjunction, it muft be fuppofed, would fometimes be

fubject

ſubject to Irregularities, leaving in one Portion what ought to have been in the other; now a Whole may be ſeparated ſo diverſly, that the Irregularities ſo viſible in human Bodies, give me no manner of Surpriſe: Well then, imagine that the Women who have ſo much of the Man in them, and the Men who are ſo near a-kin to Women, are the Offspring of ſuch jumbled Sejunctions, when Three-fourths of a male Compoſition has been left on that Side which was to form a Woman; and, on the other Hand, where a Man was to be formed, as much of feminine Particles.

This Diviſion might be ſtill carried farther, and ſerve to account for the Defectuoſities in certain Bodies; whereby ſome having an Exceſs, others want their fitting Proportion.

From this Diviſion, *Plato* derived the reciprocal Love of the two Sexes, and explained the Gradations of it from the greater or leſſer Affinity betwixt the ſevered Parts: He would impute any invincible Sympathies, if any ſuch there are, to the Meeting of the two Parts of the ſame Whole; and as for thoſe, who loving each other ardently, marry in the

Impatience

Impatience of their Love, and afterwards hate each other no leſs heartily; this tranſient Fervour he charges upon the Couple's being miſled by a ſeeming Affinity; and unhappily are not aware of the Iluſion, till they have rendered it irremediable.

This Argumentation, however fabulous, pleaſed, and gave them, as they thought, a Glimpſe of the Truth; ſo that we grew extremely facetious on the frequent Addreſs of theſe Sejunctions; and made ourſelves merry with the Complaints of the ignorant World, at a fine Woman with an ugly Fellow of a Huſband, and ſo *vice verſa*, ſeeing it is no more than a kind of Re-union of the two Parts of one ill-divided Whole.

This was ſucceeded by an endleſs Train of Queſtions about Conſtitutions and Temperatures, to which I rather gave ſuch Anſwers as I judged would be moſt acceptable, than to embroil myſelf a new by a too frank and explicit Declaration. One of our Females, I knew was all on Fire, that I ſhould tell her, that ſhe loved Men; and to ſatisfy her better than even in her own Way, I advanced a Poſition, which filled her with Exultation,

and

and diſpleaſed no body; that the Love of Men is in Women the ſureſt Sign of a perfect Organiſation, and harmonious Mixture of the Juices, as the Love of Women is in Men.

I was called upon for particular Inſtances; but I kept to general Aſſertions, which all tended to ſhew, that the plaineſt Operations of Nature are the moſt perfect; but that, wherein it compels a Multiplicity of Means, and of oppoſite Tendencies to co-operate in the Accompliſhment of its Ends, there it is moſt to be admired.

Many were the Documents we inferred from theſe Principles, relating to the reciprocal Conduct of Men and Women. We pitied thoſe who take Offence at the Force of the correſpondent Inclinations in Youth: To moderate them, we agreed, was proper, as being feaſible; but not to go about depreſſing them; which is not only loſt Labour, but ever brings on the moſt miſerable Changes, of which the true Cauſe remains hidden.

What crowned this Supper, was, that I there made a Proſelyte to Phyſiognomy, and one who will prove an Honour

nour to my Syſtem, and I account it no ſmall one to repeat what I hope you are perſuaded of, that no body is with more Attachment, &c.

LETTER XVI.

THAT I make it ſo eaſy a matter to diſtinguiſh the predominant Temperature, amazes not a few, and I own, with ſome Appearance of Reaſon, eſpecially when conſidered as an Indication, or rather Cauſe, of the prevailing Bent of the Mind; as theſe two Determinations ſeem to imply an Intelligence above the Lot of Mankind.

I chearfully encounter all Objections which offer themſelves; I even rummage my Mind for more, and anticipate every thing which may impugn my Syſtem. The moſt weighty, I think, are theſe two: Firſt, from whence every Individual derives his Conſtitution: Secondly, how to account for the Variations of this Conſtitution, which, in the ſame Perſon, is far from being always permanent, or the ſame at fifty as at fifteen.

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As to the firſt, many Things which are overlooked or unknown, muſt be conſidered as of very great Influence in forming and giving the deciſive Turn to the Conſtitution. One would be apt to think, that naturally the Conſtitution of both the Parents, or of one of them, ſhould deſcend to the Offspring; formed by their Co-operation, ſhould not the Nature of the Cauſes be transfuſed into us, without any Alteration; either of the Father, if he was the moſt powerful Agent in our Procreation; or of the Mother, if it is to her we chiefly owe our Being: Accordingly, the Truth is, that there is always a great deal of theſe two Cauſes in us, as is evident from Diſtempers, Oddities in Deportment, and ſometimes from the Intellects. That this Transfuſion is not full and univerſal, ariſes from a Rule in Nature, that an Effect, which is the Operation of two concurrent Cauſes, may be ſuch as to conſtitute a Temperament, which ſhall have little Agreement with that of its Cauſes.

Another Circumſtance to be obſerved, is, that the particular Temper of Father and Mother, at the time of the Procre-

ation

ation of us, is ſometimes very different from that which is the natural Reſult of their bodily Habit. Drunkenneſs, Paſſion, Sickneſs, an athlectic Health, Laſſitude, Anxiety, and many more ſuch Situations, diſturb the uſual Oeconomy of the Humours; ſo that they neceſſarily act in a different manner, which muſt produce different Effects. No body is always one and the ſame.

How many Books have we, and ſome ſpeciouſly written, on the ſure Way of having comely, vegete and healthy Children? If theſe Secrets were no other than the Men of Erudition have conjectured, Receipts might be formed for begetting Children of any Shape, Size, and Complexion.

Who will pretend to ſay, that, in an Ear of ripened Corn, there remains nothing of that Grain, from which it derives its Root and Growth? No, the Ear is vegetated by the Sap of that Grain, which pervading every Part, forms the whole Conſiſtence thereof.

The original Matter of our Bodies is liable to the ſame Miſcarriages as a Grain of Corn: It may happen to be unluckily ſown, and it may be lodged in

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a noxious Soil, or among Weeds; under theſe Diſadvantages it yields nothing, or its Produce is defectuous.

Chance, is ſometimes chargeable with the good or bad Qualities of a Production; only, let it be curſorily noticed, that Chance is a Name eaſily given to any Cauſe of which we are ignorant. There can nothing happen in this or any other Caſe, without its Cauſes and invariable Principles. Adieu; whatever occurs to me on this Head, ſhall not be concealed from you; the Foundations of ſuch an important Structure cannot be too carefully ſecured.

LETTER XVII.

YOU are not quite ſatisfied, it ſeems, that the Habit of the Body is to be known by its external Appearance. Do not, ſay you, Diſtempers, the Succeſſion of Ages, and Paſſions, produce real Alterations, and ſuch as efface the uſual Tokens, which indicate any particular Temperament? I am obliged to you for this Argument; it reminds me of ſeveral

veral things which had escaped me, and for which this is the propereſt Place: beſides, this Difficulty muſt be a real one, by your mentioning it; at leaſt, I'll treat it as ſuch, by anſwering it ſeriouſly.

A juſt Criticiſm is more welcome to a true Philoſopher than the higheſt ſeaſoned Praiſe; the former promotes Truth, the latter prejudices it.

Any Smatterer in Phyſiognomy will at firſt Sight diſcern a natural from a conſtrained Mien; or rather any one whom it imports to know the inward Motions of another, ſeldom fails of judging aright; and it has been my Obſervation, that this Perſpicacity was always more or leſs quick and certain, according to the Concern which excited the Attention.

That Sickneſs, Years, and Paſſions, bring an Alteration upon the Face, is viſible, but then it is under Conſtraint; for, according to our Suppoſition, theſe Accidents extinguiſh the natural Aſpect; whence a Perſon in any of thoſe States muſt be concluded to have then no natural Countenance; therefore, the Point is, to diſtinguiſh what is properly a conſtrained Aſpect; for the ſorts are many,

or

or rather they are as various as the Cauſes whence they ariſe: It is alſo proper to examine whether ſome Veſtiges of the natural Habit are not to be remarked in this conſtrained Aſpect; which, to me, is beyond all Doubt and Controverſy.

A Perſon is convulſed with Paſſions, ſeiz'd with Sickneſs, or many Years have gone over his Head; now, that the Alterations cauſed by theſe Incidents, ſhould not in ſome meaſure become interwoven with the Habit of the Perſon, in whom they are inherent, is impoſſible; yet is it more ſo, that any Alteration ſhould be ſo abſolute, as totally to expunge all Appearance of its antecedent Qualities, and even of any one which was peculiarly predominant: This implies no leſs than a total Abolition, and this cannot be effected without the Deſtruction of the whole Machine.

What are the Effects of Sickneſs? the Alteration it produces is ſo denotative, that a Perſon is known to be ſick by thoſe who never ſaw him in Health; the ſame is no leſs applicable to the Impreſſes of Paſſion, and the Increaſe of Years; Youth is at firſt Sight diſtin-

guiſhed from Age, and Mildneſs is as readily known from Wrath, and Benignity from Malevolence. All theſe operate unequally in the Subjects affected by them; they have their ſeveral Indications, and theſe are not conſtantly alike.

How many are really ſick with a Countenance full of Health, whilſt any ſlight Indiſpoſition quite changes the Looks of others?

The Age is not always to be known by the Face; and well is it for many that it is not.

Some Perſons, amidſt the ſtrongeſt Agitations of Paſſions, are ſuch compoſed Counterfeits, have their Looks under ſuch Management, that there is no truſting to Appearances. Who can, for inſtance, trace a Coquet through the Mazes of her Doublings, and penetrate into her real Sentiments, at a Juncture, when ſhe puts forth all her Play?

The Premiſes tend only to the clearer Illuſtration, that the Cauſes objected, act unequally on their Subjects; to which may be added their different Degrees, which muſt certainly very much alter their external Indications.

I ſhould be quite fruſtrated, ſhould you admit a Belief, that many Things may paſs in the Soul, or even in the Body, imperceptible to a watchful Phyſiognomiſt. That is not what I mean, the external Denotatives here ſpoken of, are thoſe obvious to the Ken of the Generality, who cannot ſee farther into Cauſes and Effects.

To return: The change which is wrought in the Body by all theſe Cauſes, whichſoever they be, I compare to that derived from Corpulency or Leanneſs, when either of them ſhew themſelves in a Body where they were not uſed to be ſeen. This does not anywiſe hinder the Conſtitution from breaking forth, and diſplaying its Nature; 'tis a Varniſh, which communicates to the Colours laid on it a Hue, whereby the true Ground is diſcoverable. What confirms this Opinion of mine, is, that different Perſons, of the ſame Age, under the ſame Diſtemper, or the ſame inordinate Paſſions, are far from being perfectly alike, though there be a ſenſible Affinity of Symptoms betwixt theſe ſeveral Impreſſions. To what, then, can be owing the Differences ſo frequently ſeen in their Effects, but to

the Conſtitution or Habit, which over
rules the Colour and Figure, the Matte
and the Conſtruction of every Spring i
the Machine, and which gives the Turn
to all theſe extraneous or accidenta
Cauſes?

Conſtitution it is, which abates o
ſtimulates the Effects of Sickneſs, whic
haſtens or retards the Injuries of Age, an
renders Perſons differently affected wit
the ſame Paſſion. Of all the Paſſions
Love is that, on which it acts with th
greateſt Diverſity, leading it Captive
directing, moderating, or impelling it
Motions: The Cauſe of this is no Secre
to you, and I never knew any one equa
you in Commiſeration of all the Fault
imputed to Love, when it does not ru
into Viciouſneſs. Let the following
ſimple Reflection be a farther Confirma
tion of all that has been advanced.
Whenſoever any of the objected Cauſe
happen to produce any Alteration be
yond what is uſual; that is, when an
Veſtiges of the former Conſtitution be
come quite obliterated and ſuperſede
by new Phenomena; the Life of th
Patient thus changed, is apprehended t
be near its Cloſe; the Gradations o
ſuch

ſuch Changes are the Gradations of Life, Death being the Effect of a total Change. Does not then Nature warrant my Saying, That the original Conſtitution is indelible?

All the Phyſician's Skill would be poſed, if, when called to the Relief of thoſe whom he never ſaw in a State of Health, he was not able, amidſt all the Disfigurements which Sickneſs has brought upon their Viſage, to diſcover ſome ſure Denotatives of their predominant Conſtitution, to guide him in treating their Diſtempers, that by Medicaments adapted to their Temperamant, it may retrieve that Superiority which was endangered by Sickneſs.

I am very far from meaning, that a Cure is obtainable in no Caſe without humouring the Conſtitution; for many Diſeaſes are no more than the Fruits of a vitiated Conſtitution.

But not to intrude into the reſpectable Province of the Phyſicians, I ſhall conclude with obſerving, that ſo buoyant is the Conſtitution in every Viciſſitude, Impreſſion, or Situation, that we may feel it is not ſuſceptible of a total Extinction, and that however the Accidents

you mention may change, diſorder, and vitiate it, it is not to be eradicated. If you do not reliſh my Reaſonings accept of my good Will. Adieu, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

YOU little expected another Letter on Conſtitutions; but I cannot be eaſy otherwiſe; there is no ſuch Thing with me, till I am clear of all Charge of Neglect; and allow me withal to ſay, in Honour to yourſelf, that the Neceſſity you laid me under of writing the laſt Letter, has alſo occaſioned the preſent.

I muſt unfold to you ſome Documents relating to the Mixture of the Juices. My having mentioned no more than the four on which I beſtowed a few Words, may be thought to mean, that there being only four Juices, the Kinds of Conſtitution were alſo limited to that Number; but this leads to an Error, and is a Wrong to myſelf, having declared that theſe four Juices were capable of infinite Combinations, and that theſe were the Sources whence a numberleſs Variety of Con-

Conſtitutions were derived. To comprehend this, only imagine in what a Multitude of differing Ways and Proportions the Mixture of any four Liquors may be varied, the infinite Changes it will admit of, till there can be no further Variation. To diſcover the Temperature when one of the four Juices is predominant to ſuch a Degree, that the three others are ſcarce able to ſhew any Share they have in the Compoſition, is no great Exploit; but the Trial of Skill is, when the Actions of the Juices are, I do not ſay equal, for then the Temperature is as manifeſt as when it is the Reſult of the predominant Superiority of any one ſingly, but when they are partly oppoſite, and partly united; when two Juices ſhare the Pre-eminence over the two other; and among theſe two there is, likewiſe a Diſparity, either ſtronger or weaker. In ſuch and the like Occaſions (for to enumerate and give a clear Idea of them all, is an endleſs Piece of Work) all the Indications muſt be collected and compared; a curſory Caſt of the Eye on the Colour and Form of the Body won't do; the Face, and every Part of it, muſt be ſcrutiniz'd with the niceſt At-

tention, and this muſt be aſſiſted with juſt Reaſonings on their Analogy or Oppoſition: One with a radiant Eye has a flat Noſe; again, an aquiline Noſe is ſometimes debaſed by a low Forehead, and dull Eyes; another has a pale Complexion, yet a vivid Look, and many with not one promiſing Feature examined ſingly, are, in the Whole, of a noble Preſence.

Without an attentive Penetration, there is alſo no perceiving the Differences wrought in the Conſtitutions by the Qualities or Fluids chiefly influential in their Compoſition. To be ſanguine or phlegmatic, choleric or melancholly, is not all; each of theſe having their ſubordinate Diviſions; there are a Multitude of Conſtitutions which may be claſſed among the ſanguine, yet all diſſimilar; and the ſame holds good of the others; the Blendings of the ſame Colour are few in Compariſon of the different Gradations and Qualities of the ſame Temperature.

I expect many a Wipe, as if I were above having Recourſe to the received Denotatives among Phyſicians, in unravelling all theſe Variations of Conſtitutions, and that I looked with Scorn upon

on Inſtruction, when it lay in my Way. I conſult Phyſic whenſoever there is Occaſion; but that and every other Science I introduce no farther than according to their Relation to my Scope. This is no more a Treatiſe of Phyſic than of Natural Philoſophy; it is, and ought to be, purely a Treatiſe of Phyſiognomy; the Indications then of Phyſiognomy are to ingroſs my Attention; any other may ſhew that there are others, but what would any avail me, if not grounded on Phyſiognomy?

The Health of the Body is not my Subject; and however uſeful and reſpectable the Science be, which is converſant in the Preſervation and Recovery thereof, Characters or Tempers are all I pretend to; nor ſhall I ever quarrel with any one about the Dignity of my Science; that is the moſt honourable Profeſſion to any one, which he beſt underſtands; mine, at leaſt, gives me an infinite Pleaſure; ſuch is my Fancy, and I mean no more.

I would have you by all means be perſuaded, that as the Variety of Conſtitutions is infinite, ſo the Means of knowing them are not leſs numerous.

Nature explicates itſelf in a thouſand different Shapes. The Study thereof may well be long; can it be otherwiſe, amidſt the boundleſs Wonders it diſcloſes? If ſometimes it does not anſwer the End, 'tis becauſe our Purſuit is immethodical; or that which does not forward the End we have in View, may be of great Utility in ſome other; which was not in our Thoughts, and yet we have held on our Way in this Track. How many Virtuoſo's have lighted upon what they were not in Search of, while they were plodding after what they never would have found? No Time is to be grudged which is ſpent in the Inveſtigation of Nature; it repays our Attachment with ſome Acquiſition or other.

Now let us proceed; for it is high Time to ſhew how this Knowledge is a Preamble to that of the Bent or Character of the Mind; and herein you may expect, that I ſhall preſerve to the very laſt that Flexibility and Acquieſcence, of which I give no ſuch Proofs to any one but yourſelf.

Juſt as I was upon cloſing my Letter, in came two Perſons remarkable for oppoſite Temperatures. They brought

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a Letter from *Abbé de* ———, and their Errand, it ſeems, was, that I ſhould declare my Thoughts of them ſeparately. I eluded this, as it might have been diſguſtful, but made amends, by exhorting them to be inſeparable; for that the very Oppoſition of each diſtinct Conſtitution cauſed a juſt Attraction and Harmony betwixt both; adding, that they would find no Difficulty in complying with my Advice; and I finiſhed with a Congratulation of their Happineſs in the Reciprocations of a warm Affection. They ran into each other Arms with an extreme Joy and Amazement, that from the bare Exterior, I had ſo exactly hit their Sentiments. Their laſt Requeſt was too home; they were for knowing which Conſtitution was moſt to my Liking; my Anſwer had more Delicacy in it; I deſired they would admit me as a third Friend, which *Damon* and *Pithias* had granted to *Dionyſius* the Tyrant; that my certain Knowledge of their Worth, and conſequently my Eſteem of their Perſons, intitled me to ſuch a Favour. They gave me their Words, and Promiſes with them are Realities.

Whatever Friendſhips I contract, you ſhall ever be uppermoſt.

LETTER XIX.

AFTER a Progreſs of near half my Journey, it is fit I ſhould make known the Ideas I annex to the Word *Bent*, or *Character*; but as I concur with the general Meaning of them, I ſhall be very ſuccinct in telling the World what they knew before.

Character expreſſes, in the common Acceptation, the uſual Mode in which the Mind manifeſts itſelf; it is a kind of Mark impreſſed on all its Operations, indicating its peculiar Nature, and diſtinguiſhing it from others.

I readily allow *Character* and *Nature* to be Words of the ſame Import; but as to the uſual Diviſion of the Soul into a ſuperior and inferior Part, here I plead off: I affirm it to be a Diviſion productive of Spinoſities and Confuſion; no other Diviſion will I own than that of Soul and Body. Incomprehenſible as their Union is, it throws Light upon ſeveral

veral Effects which are common to theſe Principles, and flow from their Union: They are thought to be of ſuch Utility and Aid to each other, that neither could the Body live without the Soul, nor the Soul act externally without the Body. Beſides, a State of Union is the only one in which I conſider them, as alone relative to my Purpoſe; and all the Objections raiſed againſt my Syſtem from examining the Soul abſtractedly from this Union, will fall to the Ground. It would be dropping my fundamental Suppoſition, by which I muſt abide.

It is an Aſperſion caſt upon ſome People, to have no *Character* or Bent; but no more ought to be meant by this, than the Difficulty of defining it, the Character being ſuch an Appenage of Man, that there is no forming any Idea of a Man, but that of a Character blends itſelf with it, and of a Character which diſtinguiſhes him in the Thoughts no leſs than his Figure does in the Eyes of his Aſſociates. In the *Character* then conſiſts the Difference of Minds, in the Figure that of Bodies.

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The Want of a Character, or Bent, is far from being accounted ſynonymous with the Want of a *Nature*, which is owing to an immemorial Diſtinction of Mind and Heart, whereby the *Character*, and all its Effects, are aſſigned to the Mind; and to the Heart is appropriated the *Nature*, with all its Appurtenances. This Diſtinction, which ſets the Mind and Heart, though really but one and the ſame Principle, at as great a Variance as if they were two, I don't ſay different, but remote, oppoſite and ever-claſhing Principles: So true it is, that one and all blame their Mind and extol their Heart, at the ſame time that they have high Conceits of the former, and muſt be (many of them) conſcious of the Depravation of the latter.

A Character and a Nature are the Portion of every one; happy they who have them good. The Sage, I believe, alluded to them, when he ſaid, That he was furniſhed with a good Soul. The Impoſſibility of the Inequality in human Souls having been before demonſtrated, the Sage's Meaning muſt be limited to his Character and Nature, both Effects of his Conſtitution; and his boaſted Hap-

Happineſs was ſuch a Mixture of the Juices, and ſuch an Organization which had imparted to the Soul that refined *Character*, that happy *Nature*, on which he juſtly placed ſo high a Value.

Were the Eſtimate of Things determined by their Worth, all the Goods of Fortune would not bear a Competition with theſe refined *Characters*. Their ineſtimable Value is beſt known to thoſe who poſſeſs and exert them. The Advantages connected with them are truly our own. Their Precioufneſs does not ſpring from the Regard paid to them from Faſhion or from Conceit; they are the very Eſſence of Happineſs, and all Artifices and Expedients, all Palliatives and Counterfeits, will never ſupply their Places. A good, and often an ill Property of the *Character* is, that it is never to be totally removed; and this induces the Politicians to have a ſharp Eye on the Character of any one, before they make him a Creature: They ſee as far into Nature as *Horace*, who, with his uſual Sagacity, ſays,

Naturam expellas furca tamen uſque recurret.

and

and having thus penetrated into the *Character* of their Inſtrument, the Succeſs is indubitable. This Diſcernment is a nice Point, but well worth the Study of thoſe who are in high Places; it will ſave them many Miſcarriages; it will detect inſidious Addreſſes; it will point out Aptitude and Probity; in ſhort, the Infamy or the Glory of their Adminiſtration turns wholly upon it.

From hence are inducible two Agreements, which further ſtrengthen my Notion; firſt, that the Character operates on the Mind as the Temperature on the Body, to render every Individual diſtinguiſhable; 2*dly*. That as the Temperature is inextirpable, ſo is the Character.

As for Abatements and Variations, I'll grant as many as ſhall be required; having allowed them in the Conſtitution, I ſhall not exclude them from the Character; their Connection is too intimate to be diſſevered; and it will ſoon be ſhewn, that there is an Union alſo of Intereſts. The Impreſſes of Age, Sickneſs, and Paſſions, on the Temperature, are by the Temperature communicated to the Mind; ſuffering together they alſo ſub-

ſubſiſt together; the ſame Day began them, and the ſame Day ſhall end them: Their Intimacy may be truly ſaid to laſt till Death; and with no leſs Truth I aver the ſame of my Devotion to you.

LETTER XX.

THE Souls of all Mankind univerſally having been proved to be equal and alike, as incontrovertibly as the Abſtruſeneſs of the Matter permits; and yet the *Character* being by Experience known to differ in ſo many Shapes, whence is this Difference of Temper obtruded upon the Soul, but from the Conſtitution?

Complacencies, Averſions, Propenſities, Inclinations, are excited by external Objects; but whether the Objects be material or ſpiritual, the Body is their Vehicle, or Inſtrument, to convey them to the Soul, which otherwiſe would be inacceſſible to them. The Air which we breathe depends on the Nature of the Places along which it paſſes, and inſinuates into our Bodies the Qualities it has col-

collected in its Course; so the Objects cannot strike the Soul but through the Body, where they find a Suitableness or Dissonance under which they appear to the Soul, and which gains such an Ascendency over that misled Intelligence, as to habituate it to love only what pleases, and hate only what displeases the Body.

It is hindered from acting otherwise by the Shackles and Incumbrance of the Body. This intimate Closeness of its Union clogs its free Agency; to this are likewise accessary the Soul's long, too long Sluggishness, without one strenuous Effort against such an Inthralment; so that Servitude is become habitual before it had any Sense of its Superiority. There are manifold Cases, in which to follow the Instinct of the Body, is chusing the better Part; and this forestals its Compliance where it is the very worst; and, lastly, this Blindness and Submission are not without real Gratifications, by which it becomes intoxicated.

Through how considerable a Part of Life do we estimate Things, if I may be allow'd the Expression, more by the Body than by the Soul; and all this while

while the Cuſtom of liking or diſliking Objects from the Repreſentations of the Body is ſtriking its Roots deeper; and when it is thus ſettled, can an Avulſion be thought an eaſy Matter? Withal let it be conſidered, that the Soul enjoys more Freedom, or is under more Coercion, according to the Bodies in which it reſides, by the Texture of thoſe Bodies, and the Mixture of their Humours.

This is exemplified in thoſe Men, who would appear to be beneath Brutes in Rationality, if their ſeveral Operations were to decide the Matter, and in others of a contrary kind, whoſe Capacities tower ſo far above their Fellow-Mortals, that they ſeem of a ſuperior Order. Life is full of Cuſtom; Nature itſelf is only Cuſtom, ſince the moſt neceſſary Functions in us are only Cuſtoms of a long ſtanding, and from their conſequent Facility accounted natural.

Nothing is more natural than eating, drinking, walking, opening the Eyes, or cloſing them; yet theſe are not done immediately after the Birth; the Limbs and Organs muſt be formed to thoſe Motions and Uſes, which are their uſual Employment, and which we call *Nature*.

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Theſe Principles ſtanding on a firm Foundation, who can miſs ſeeing that it is the Conſtitution from which the Mind receives its Character? We have ſhewn over and over, that the Temperature governed the Body; that on it this Body, and all the conſtituent Parts thereof, depended; that from it they derived their peculiar Nature, the Concluſion muſt further be, that the ſeveral Points of View, as it were, in which the Body exhibits Objects to the Soul, muſt ariſe from the Temperature; that it is the Temperature which gives the Agreement or Diſagreement of the Objects; that this Agreement or Diſagreement does as neceſſarily proceed from it as its own Eſſence is neceſſary, which could not be other than what it is; and that conſequently the Character obtruded on the Soul by its Dependence on the Body, is, in a more correct Senſe, derived from the Conſtitution.

Now judge whether it was without Principles that I affirmed the Knowledge of the Character of the Soul to follow from the Knowledge of the Conſtitution of the Body. Their Connection and Dependence ſmooth the Path to

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Certainty, now all the Briars are aſſarted, and Flowers on all Sides invite the Hand. Send me your Animadverſions on this Letter; there may be Room for them. I wait your Anſwer before I conclude, and apply my Principles.

LETTER XXI.

YOU ſay, that my laſt Letter made you ſtare, that you are inclinable to believe as true all its Contents, and that they really appear ſo to you; yet ſome Apprehenſions hang upon you, that I may be chargeable with having attributed too much to Matter. My Anſwer is, that I am not in Fault; that the human Conſtitution depending greatly on it, I could not do otherwiſe.

Another diſagreeable Conſequence you draw from my Principles, is, that at this rate there is nothing to be loſt, and as little to be gained, becauſe the Conſtitution remaining ineradicable, and the Character of the Soul being the Impreſs of this Conſtitution, the Soul muſt ſit down under its obtruded State. All

Efforts

Efforts after Amelioration being precluded, its Virtues and Vices are neceſſarily permanent. This is a weighty Queſtion, which yet I little thought would have been put to me; the Anſwer to it ſhall ingroſs this Letter.

Firſt, for ever inviolable be the Rights of Faith, I revere its Illuminations, and purſuant to them, hold certainly, that there are Miracles of Grace, Miracles whereby Hearts are changed, their Liberty remaining untouched. Here halt; for thoſe who would go further, have either loſt themſelves, or have talked a great deal, without ſaying any thing. Once for all, whenever I mention the Soul, its Vices and Virtues, I would be underſtood to ſpeak of it only in a mere rational Way, excluſively of Faith, whoſe divine Original, however, I often celebrate with the ſincereſt Ingeminations.

Conformably then to Reaſon, I ſet out with acknowledging, that the Conſequence which you object holds generally good; that the Virtues of which we are naturally deſtitute, are very ſeldom acquired in any tolerable Degree, and to get rid of any Vices which took Poſ-

Poſſeſſion of us at our Birth, is not leſs extraordinary.

Yet muſt I offer to your Conſideration, that ſome Virtues are envelopped and concealed till a certain Age, when they conſpicuouſly break forth, as are no further to be eſteemed as acquired, than becauſe the Seaſon of their Exertion is come, or that by the Culture of Education, they begin to ſhoot, which would never have come to paſs without one, or poſſibly the Co-operations of both theſe Cauſes.

Equally applicable to the Vices is this fortuitous Diſplay of the Virtues; however, with this Difference, that what has the Appearance of Vice in its firſt Pullulations, is not always ſuch afterwards. The exceeding Ignorance, added to the Inexperience of our early Years, may precipitate it into unknown, and conſequently unapprehended, Abyſſes, out of which dawning Reaſon reſcues us, and ſecures our future Steps in the Paths of Virtue and Diſcretion.

All the Sallies and Faults of this Age are not to be imputed to the Conſtitution. They are committed with Reluctance, in Deference to others, whoſe Example,

ample there might be Danger to counteract, though we condemn it. They are committed in a Ferment or Intoxication, when the Soul and Body being disordered, produce Effects of a dissimilar Nature. To distinguish these Impulses of Design and Humour from the Emanations of Nature, is not a Task for every one. It abates my Concern, when at the same time that a Person acts amiss, I withal perceive, that he is not pushed on to it by his *Character*; but when I perceive the Turpitude, Violence and Profaneness of a Life to flow from the *Character*, I give such a one over for lost. Full of Reliance on natural Virtues, I shudder at natural Vices; mistrustful of acquired Virtues, acquired Vices give me little Concern.

Whatever be our Virtues and Vices, I know there is a Freedom in us of manifesting or concealing them; at the same time I know, that for the Soul to be ever conflicting with its *Bent*, is an insupportable Restraint; and, depend upon it, on whatever Occasion this *Bent* strongly declares itself, the Vice or Virtue accompanying its Eruption is entirely natural.

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An angry Procedure may be checked, as one may forbear a Deed of Generoſity, Actions being within our Arbitrarineſs, but far otherwiſe Diſpoſitions. To extinguiſh Generoſity or Wrath is out of our Power, if thoſe Qualities make a Part of our Character; as impoſſible is it not to be amorous, if we are naturally ſo, as to have two Eyes if born with only one. It is ſo with all Tempers, good or bad. The natural Vices, I will admit, may be moderated, as the natural Virtues may be improved; but totally to exterminate them mocks our utmoſt Vigilance and Reſolution. This muſt have been the Meaning of that extraordinary Perſon, againſt whom the Diſciples of *Socrates* flew into ſuch a Flame, for ſaying, that their Maſter was of a depraved Bent, and inclined to many Vices. He did not affirm that *Socrates* gave any way to theſe Propenſities, but only that they were in him; which did not derogate from the Reputation in which he ſtood for Wiſdom, and which more properly belongs to our ſenſible Actions, which are under our Controul, than to the latent Tempers, which are in ſome meaſure neceſſary.

The ancient Axiom, in saying, *that they overflow with Joy who are born with happy Qualities*, is perfectly consonant to this System; it means, that they are never wanting in a good Behaviour, the Source of the best Joy, because it is easy to them; whereas others, from a Cast naturally wrong, sink into Imprudence and Vice.

Before I take my final Leave of this Article, I must lay before you a Notion of mine on Education, the only natural Resource for the Correction of Vice, and Improvement of Virtue; with your Leave I'll defer it till next Post, having already said enough for this.

LETTER XXII.

IN my last I said, that Education is the most natural Expedient for the Improvement of Virtues, and the Correction of Vices; my *ipse dixit*, however, is not so authoritative as to stand in no need of Arguments to urge the Matter home; and this is the more necessary, as those best of Ends seem to be but

but ſlightly conſidered in Education, and where they ſeem of any Weight, are injudiciouſly purſued.

Town and Country ſwarm with Schools to teach us Learning; and here and there one may be met with to teach us Chriſtianity, and train us up to be devout; but not one do I know where we are taught to be Men, and inſtructed in the Acquiſition of the natural Virtues. Is this Omiſſion owing to the Inutility or Difficulty of ſuch Exerciſes? To neither: It is imagined that Men form themſelves, or that make them learned and devout, and the Buſineſs is done; they are all they need to be; now, that this is an egregious Miſtake is evident from the Paucity of real Men.

I ſhall never forget a Saying I heard from a moſt excellent Perſon, whoſe natural and Chriſtian Virtues, together with a perfect Knowledge of the World, render him the beſt of Judges in this Caſe, it was, *There are more Saints than honeſt People in the World.* It is obvious, that here the Word *Saints* is not to be taken in a ſtrict Senſe, as is that of honeſt People. Were the forming of Men taken in hand with the methodical At-

tention the Concern deſerves, this Saying, in time, might come to loſe Part of its Truth.

I ſay, as the Concern deſerves; for it is really ſuch, that the Experiment ought to be tried. It is as yet in Embrio; if it does not anſwer, it may be dropped; the Effects of it will ſoon be viſible. My Purpoſe requires ſome previous Suppoſitions, the Juſtneſs of which I leave to every one to demonſtrate to himſelf.

1. We are born without Ideas; the new implanted Soul is not unlike a Canvaſs fitted to receive any Imagery which the Painter pleaſes.

2. The Senſes are the Vehicles which convey the firſt Ideas to the Soul.

3. Theſe firſt Ideas partly communicated by the Senſes, and partly thoſe which we imbibe from the firſt Perſons, who have the Care of our unprepoſſeſſed Childhood (in which the Senſes have no ſmall Share) are the Subjects of the Act of Reflection in the Soul; this produces ſecondary Ideas, which are naturally the direct Conſequence of the prior.

4. The continual Employment of the Soul, during the whole Courſe of Life, con-

conſiſts in the Acquiſitions of new Ideas, Reflections on the former, and Conſequences from both for Theory and Practice.

From theſe Suppoſitions, which appear to me founded in Truth, I have been long ſince led to think, that we depend on Matter more than we are aware of; and that we prejudice ourſelves by overſtraining our Spirituality, and rejecting any material and mechanical Aids, looking upon them, as indeed they are, beneath the Dignity of our immaterial Soul, *divinæ particulum auræ*. Nature in vain would rectify our Conceits; we ſpurn at its Inſtructions as diſgraceful; but were Diſgrace in its Intentions, the compulſive Manner of its Action on both the Soul and Body, is a Diſgrace of a deeper Dye. The Dependence on the Body, in which the Soul is fettered while Life exiſts, but eſpecially in Childhood and old Age, the worſt Seaſons of this Dependence, is a Leſſon in which we cannot over-ſtudy ourſelves: This calls aloud to us Mortals, Make Uſe of that Matter which is united to you, for your Improvement in ſpiritual Exerciſes.

Therefore, in order to form a Man, I would propoſe (and this Care ſhould commence whilſt he is in the Cradle) that his Conſtitution ſhould be obſerved; that it ſhould, according to the Quality thereof, be ſtrengthened or weakened; that for ſome Time his Soul ſhould, as it were, be let alone, and the material Part only attended to; that his Organs ſhould be taught Vigour, Suppleneſs, and Activity; that the Blood ſhould be ſpiſſated or rarified; in fine, that for the Amelioration of the Soul, the Body in general be treated with the moſt attentive Care, and moſt judicious Management.

Let not the Singularity of my Advice bring any Ridicule upon it; if the material Conſtitution of the Body be neglected, I dare ſay the Education, with all other Helps, will be defective. That alone ſhews to what he is adapted, conſequently what he ſhould be taught, and in what Degree and Method. Can there be more Folly and Cruelty than to ſcold, plague, and puniſh a Boy in beating a Science into him, againſt which Nature has ſhut the Door? How comes it, that a Perſon, who has ſeen his thirtieth Year, is not ſenſible of any diſtinguiſhing Talent

lent in himſelf? 'Tis not that he is naturally deſtitute of any; but they, under whoſe Inſpection he firſt was, either knew nothing of the Matter, or neglected it.

After this Modification of the Body, it is to be farther ſubſervient in the Station appointed for the Soul; ſince whatever is to be offered to it, muſt be tranſmitted through the Senſes inherent in the Body. Secure the Channels which are to convey its Food, that it may be all pure, ſound, and invigorating; there is no other Avenue to the Soul; here keep your Eye. If any Ordure be ſuffered in theſe Inlets, the Food which paſſes along them will become vitiated, to the infinite Detriment and Infamy of the Soul. Let Truth, Decency, and Virtue, flow in upon the Soul through every Senſe, and the felicitating Effects will ſoon ſhew themſelves.

To hear and ſee every thing is not an indifferent Matter, at a certain Age. The Appetite muſt be held with a tight Rein, where the Conſtitution is not Athletic. There is a time, when the Sight and Knowledge of Evil will add Strength to whatever Good is in us. In our

Manhood, we cannot break ourſelves of our natural Accent: The Soul has alſo its Accent, which when ſtrengthened by Time and Education, becomes unalterable.

If to be able to accommodate one's Temper to every thing, be ſometimes an Advantage, 'tis alſo often a Proof of its having no fixed Peculiarity, nothing that may be called its Property. Such a Flexility puts me upon my Guard againſt Variations. None will warrant a Building, till they have examined into the Strength and Settledneſs of the Foundations. Shut up any one who as yet has ſeen nothing, and let his Eyes be entertained with none but beautiful Objects, and his Ears with melodious Sounds: When this Recluſe comes to look into the World, he will form a delicate Diſtinction in all the Variety which he ſees and hears.

This illuſtrates the Caſe of the Mind: If all its Ideas are tranſmitted to it thro' the Senſes, and Care is taken, that nothing but what is good ſhall have Acceſs to them; a Habit of Goodneſs will grow up in it, as Beauty and Harmony were

were become habitual to the Ears and Eyes.

The Oppoſitions which the Conſtitution may throw in the Way of theſe virtuous Habits, are not a formidable Hoſt; that there will be ſome, and that it has good and bad Qualities, which are immoveable, is not to be doubted; but they are far from being innumerable.

Conſtitutions, by ſome, are compared to Soils not equally fertile, nor yielding the ſame Products; ſome are famed for delicious Fruits, in others grow poiſonous Vegetables. In like manner, as neceſſarily does the Virtue or Vice, the Segacity or Dullneſs of a Man, ariſe out of the Conſtitution.

This is an apt Compariſon, and there ſeems indeed an abſolute Reſemblance betwixt Soils and Conſtitutions, when the latter are ſuffered to lie fallow, and left to their own natural Quality; but it will not hold in ſuch, where any Culture is beſtowed; and from this Reaſon, that Soils require little or no Addition, and that the Plough and Seed only produce a ſuperficial Alteration in them; whereas the Conſtitutions, howſoever material they may be ſuppoſed, are imperfect

at the Birth, have more to acquire than they poſſeſs; and that their Need of Augmentation renders them neceſſarily ſuſceptible of deſigned or caſual Additions, till their compleat Formation, when any further Change becomes impracticable, *immota manet*.

'Tis on this laſt Reaſon that I ground the Neceſſity and Excellence of Education; the Reſult of which, when happily conducted, is a Difference betwixt Man and Man, even perhaps greater than that which Nature itſelf, on whom they all depend, has impreſſed on them.

What a Field for Diſcourſe is opened by this Subject, immenſe in itſelf, and ſtill more inlarged by the Errors and Prejudices of Mankind! Your comprehenſive Genius will ſuggeſt a great deal more than I could ſay, did not my Limits reſtrain me from any further Expatiation. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

SO then! Here is the Conſtitution, knowable from the Colour and Configuration of Matter; and 'tis what I flattered myſelf with proving; for why, indeed, ſhould the human Body be the only Eſſence, whoſe Contexture ſhould not exhibit external Denotatives of the predominant Quality thereof? Here alſo is each one's particular Temper known from that very Conſtitution whence it deduces its Origin.

Yet, muſt it be obſerved, that the Configuration or Conformation of Matter is ſometimes oppoſite to the Conſtitution, though this Conformation be moſtly the Effect of the Conſtitution; but this Oppoſition is only caſual, and owing to the Intervention of ſome heterogeneous Cauſe, which hinders the Conſtitution from operating its genuine Effects, which are alſo neceſſary Effects.

'Tis this Oppoſition at which we wonder, when taking ſome Perſons to Pieces, we find Qualities in them, which are naturally incompatible in the ſame Subject. There is no perceiving this

Oppoſition, without being a Graduate in the Knowledge of Mankind: Few are capable of diſcovering the Cauſe, it being, as has been ſaid, heterogeneous.

The Brutality of Nurſes, the Diſeaſes of an ill-tended Infancy, the Accidents which ſurround that tender Age, are the moſt general Sources of this perplexing Oppoſition. It is ſometimes begun even in the Mother's Womb, where the natural Proceſs of the Matter, and of the Infant's Conſtitution, have met with Obſtacles to the Perfection of the Work, Obſtacles from which they can never get entirely clear, while the Body exiſts.

This Oppoſition may be explained pretty nearly, in the ſame Manner as the Deformity of a Child born lame, crooked, *&c.*

One derives his Untowardneſs from a Reaſon, which, though the moſt improbable of all, is yet the trueſt; another is born with Diſpoſitions to a Virtue, which he never will actually poſſeſs: His Conſtitution, had it taken Place, led him to it; but his Growth was warped by Obſtacles, which have cauſed a total Alienation.

It muſt be owned, that if there are a Multitude of Things really incomprehenſible, many alſo are ſuch only by our own Fault, and which with ſome Pains we might diſcover. That the Paſſions of the Soul betray themſelves in the Face, is beyond Contradiction; and yet that the predominant Quality of any one is diſcernible there, is made a Matter of Scruple to allow.

The ſecond Diſcovery, is, however, more eaſy, certain, and natural, than the former. The Paſſions are frequently miſtaken, without a previous Acquaintance with the Character and its Qualities. One bluſhes unmeaningly, where the Bluſh of another is expreſſive. The Eyes of one brighten only at what kindles thoſe of another into a Flame.

The Paſſions are not to be rationally decided without Principles; and when a lucky Gueſs is made of them, without the Aſſiſtance of the Character, as the Principle of all their Motions, it is no more than Almanack-Makers, who, by the Practice of foretelling, come to foretell the Truth.

The general Rules are good, and the Applications often falſe, which Falſity might

might be remedied by an Allowance of some Exceptions; and Exceptions there cannot but be, as arising from the Difference of Tempers or Characters among the endless Multitude, of which, two are not to be found absolutely alike.

It has been said above, that the same Passions were not ever indicated by the same Symptoms; it must be so, for the Constitutions varying, and the Characters which depend on them varying also, whence could this uniform Resemblance of the Symptoms of the Passions proceed? They are only Exertions of the Character, which is the Effect of the Temperament, and their Symptoms must be different, the Sources of them being so.

To the Agitations stirred up by Passions, that there are general Movements resembling each other in the same kind of Passions, I shall not deny; but there are also particular ones, utterly dissimilar.

To guess that a Man is inflamed with Wrath, or preyed upon by Jealousy, is a slight Business, but *hoc opus*, to hit the particular kind of his Anger, or of his Jealousy, and to foresee that upon such or such Incidents, these Passions will rise

in

in him, together with the Degrees and Effects of their Ebullitions; Circumſtances eſſential to the Knowledge of Mankind, but unattainable without a Knowledge of the Diſpoſition.

The more involved any Subject is, the more evident the Principles for the Elucidation thereof muſt be, and if any one deſerve that Appellation, that which I lay down is it. Turn aſide from it, and all is Obſcurity and Uncertainty: If a Pilot of a ſuperficial Experience venture to ſteer in Seas he is unacquainted with, they whom he has in Charge muſt thank Providence, which over-rules his Ignorance, for their Safety.

Experience affording only general Inſtructions, the amazing Diverſity of Characters or Tempers obliges us at every Inſtant to have Recourſe to more particular ones. *Know the Character*, then, muſt be the leading Maxim. Treaſure up this Principle, for on it, beſides its other inexpreſſible Advantages, will turn all I have further to ſay.

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

YOU diſlike my not having hitherto made any Difference betwixt Paſſions and Inclinations, they not being convertible Terms; for, ſay you, though the Knowledge of the Character may be a Prelude to that of the fixed Paſſions; the tranſient Inclinations have no Concern with it. I value your Satisfaction too much, not to explain myſelf at large.

If you, by Inclination, mean what is called Propenſity, I conclude it ſubordinately in the Character or Temper, agreeably to the very Signification of the Word; for to have a Propenſity to any thing, what is it, but to have a Diſpoſition to love or hate it? And what can this Diſpoſition be, but an Effect of the Character, or an Agreement or Diſagreement betwixt the Character and the Object? The neceſſary Reſult of which is Love, or Diſguſt, Inclination, or Averſion. Thus, it appears, that no Charge lies againſt me for confounding the Paſſions and Inclinations, as proceeding from one common Principle, the Character or Diſpoſition.

The

The only Difference which I can find, or which I am confident is to be found among them, is, as you at firſt ſay, that the Inclinations, as they ſtand in your Idea of them, are fleeting, and thus diſappearing before they can be throughly examined, no ſure Judgment can be paſſed upon them; whereas the Paſſions are permanent, expoſed to a leiſurely Scrutiny, and ſo may be characteriſed.

To this Objection of your's, I'll add the following Circumſtance, which you have overlooked. The Inclinations, taken in this Senſe, produce no great Agitation in the Mind: By this want of Agitation in the Soul, the Symptoms, which are the Cyphers of what paſſes within, are too weak to manifeſt themſelves in the Face, and thus we are at a loſs to conclude any thing about the Inclinations; far otherwiſe is it with the Paſſions, which neceſſarily ſuſcitating a violent Agitation in the Soul, declare themſelves glaringly in the Aſpect.

This Coaleſcence of Objections againſt me, in effect, only ſerve to ſtrengthen the Principle I have recommended, that a Knowledge of the Character, as the

Principle

Principle of all the reſt, cannot be purſued with too much Application.

Will it bear a Denial, that from a through Knowledge of the Character, we may eſtimate the Particulars of which it is capable? We may form pretty near Conjectures what Objects it were fit it ſhould love or hate; and though we ſhould not always poſitively know the Times when it hates or loves any particular Object, we know in general whether it can, or ought to love or hate it; which may compenſate for any thing the Face does not tell us, or which it would tell us, if the Agitations of the Soul were ſuch as to repreſent the Inclination on it.

Some Inclinations, beſides, have ſuch an intimate Connection with the Paſſions, that the Knowledge of the one is conſequential to the Knowledge of the other; they are Branches of the ſame Trees, Arms of the ſame River. There are ſome Characters ſo natural and impreſſible, that their ſlighteſt Motions, their feebleſt Senſations, ſhew themſelves; and theſe are generally the beſt ſort.

As to Freaks and capricious Inclinations, which are found in thoſe where there was not ſo much as any Shadow of Suſpi-

Suſpicion, that they had any Share in their Compoſition, it cannot be hoped always to trace their Source in the Character, nothing being often more repugnant to it. Caprice and Affectation are univerſal Mimics, and ſtick at no Effort or Experiment: Indeed, when there is a ſtrong Oppoſition in the Character, all ſuch Inclinations diſappear like a Morning Cloud, and are properly to be called Flights or Vertigoes.

The Seaſon of theſe Oddities is Youth, ignorant, fond of Novelty, precipitate, and fickle; however, the only Effervescencies to be really dreaded in that impetuous Age, are ſuch as have an Affinity with the Character, otherwiſe they ſoon ſubſide of themſelves, before they get to any conſiderable Head.

Some have loſt their good Name in theſe conſtrained Experiments, ſome their Health, and ſome have abſolutely fallen Victims to it; conſtrained I ſay, for the World is extremely out in its Verdict of Overt-Acts of this Nature; it lays Debauchery and Flagitiouſneſs to the Charge of many, who are free from both; but whom Affectation or Caprice have involved in that Misfortune, which is the

Ground

Ground-Plot of the Arraignment againſt them.

There are Heart-Misfortunes, as there are Chance-Misfortunes, and very often there is more Imprudence in the latter, than Guilt in the former.

It is a common Saying, that Inclinations are not to be accounted for. Is this to paſs for an Excuſe of thoſe which are evil? It won't bear; 'tis for want of knowing ourſelves, that we don't know wherefore we hate or love; though both theſe Motions in us are neceſſary and independent, we are at Liberty to indicate their Cauſes, and there is a Poſſibility of unfolding them.

The Taſtes of the Mind are to be treated of in the ſame Way as the ſenſitive Taſtes. That any one likes the Sweet, or the Tart, is not a Matter of Fancy, but of the Conſtitution: And this holds ſtill more true of the Spiritual Taſte, with Submiſſion to all the elaborate Deſcants on Love's being the Child of Fancy; nothing is clearer, than that it is the neceſſary Produce of the Character, as modified by the Conſtitution.

Thus

Thus all our Taſtes appear grounded on certain Principles; and as their Difference from the Paſſions, Inclinations, and Affections of our Souls, lies wholly in the Degrees of the internal and external Agitations, cauſed by them ſeverally, I have treated them indiſcriminately, as iſſuing from the ſame common Source, the Character or Temper.

Here is a Letter juſt brought me on Sympathies and Antipathies; next Poſt ſhall carry you the Subſtance of it; till when, and till Death, I am, *&c.*

LETTER XXV.

SYmpathies and Antipathies, are treated as Caprices: This is Wrong, What! are they then abſolutely independent of us: No, this is another Extream; but upon reducing them to the Standard of Truth, we ſhall find, what is the Caſe in moſt Diſputes, that both Sides are partly wrong, and partly right. Could our Minds bend to this Avowal, what a deal of Acrimony would it ſave us? but this can never be expected, till Mankind

kind is as ready to own themſelves deceivable, as they are actually to deceive themſelves.

A ſmall Acquaintance with the World puts it out of Queſtion, that too many Sympathies and Antipathies ſpring from Caprice, Singularity, and Prejudice; that to love and hate paſſionately, at the very firſt Sight, and afterwards to continue in ſuch Paſſions, is no more than an Air, which ſome give themſelves, even making a Merit of this Precipitancy of Affection, and at length, by indulging the Strength of Imagination, come to hate and love in good Earneſt.

The Contagion of Example, which has ſuch Power among Men, is very conſpicuous here; the bare living with thoſe, whoſe Love and Hatred take ſo ſuddenly, whether naturally or inſidiouſly, draws us into the ſame Humour; and thus we love or hate, more through Imitation than Nature.

Were never any heard of, who by reading Romances with Attachment, and ſuffering the Love-Adventures which make all the Marvellous of thoſe paultry Books, to dwell upon their Minds, imagining to proſecute an Amour in the romantic

mantic Manner, ardently devote themſelves to the firſt Object they ſee, without conſulting their Heart, as to the Charmer deſtined for them. I omit thoſe minute Niceties, which, though received Marks of Senſibility or Timorouſneſs, are, in Effect, only the Varniſh of real Inſenſibility and Audaciouſneſs.

There are a Set of People, among whom to love and hate only ſuch things as we rationally ought, paſſes for want of Spirit; but I leave the Critics of the Age to wanton in this Field, which is the more proper for them as it every Day inlarges.

That for ſome Sympathies and Antipathies, we may only thank our good Pleaſure, I readily allow, inſiſting withal, that there are others independant of us, and which force themſelves upon us; the latter may be variouſly diſtributed, ſome ariſe neceſſarily from the Conſtitution, and riſe or fall with it; others are only adapted to it, and might not have been.

Thoſe I call Sympathies and Antipathies, ariſing neceſſarily from the Conſtitution, which are produced by the Conſonance or Diſcord of the Conſtitutions,

tutions, which continually emitting Spirits expreſſive of their Quality, unite with ſome, and are repelled by others, as they happen to be analogous or repugnant. Theſe Spirits thus continually emaning by a kind of inexplicable Intercourſe, which ſubſiſts for ſome time betwixt them and thoſe within, impreſs on them what they have met with abroad, and mechanically diſpoſe them to cloſe with, or avoid any approaching Object.

All this does not imply, that this firſt Sympathy or Antipathy, univerſally prevails. Its Strength is ever proportionate to the Degree of Conformity or Oppoſition, of which it is the Reſult. When it is but weak, Reflection ſometimes aſſiſts or ſtruggles with the Mechaniſm, and rectifies what was going wrong: Hence it is that People come to love very heartily thoſe of whom at firſt they could not bear the Sight; and again, to hate thoſe for whom at firſt they had conceived a Love. Though it may happen, that we may have Cauſe to repent checking this firſt Friendlineſs or Averſion; yet, whatever may be the Conſequence, it is beneath the Soul to be the Tool of material Impulſes;

pulſes; let it at leaſt examine them before it complies.

Another kind of Sympathies and Antipathies, derived from the Conſtitution, are thoſe relating to Foods, according to their Suitableneſs or Diſagreement with it. Theſe are, without doubt, to be at firſt ſtrove againſt; but a Perſeverance, which would put any Force upon them, may be dangerous; ſo it is beſt to let them have their own Way, after the Failure of repeated Efforts againſt them. Theſe Struggles to ſurmount ſuch conſtitutional Peculiarities, if overſtrained, may be very pernicious to Health, which is far preferable to the Indifference in Foods. To how many would it be ſure Death to live in ſome Climates, who, in others, enjoy a vigorous State of Health?

As to Sympathies and Antipathies, which are not derived from the Conſtitution, but accommodate themſelves to it, their Birth is owing to Example, their Growth to Cuſtom, and their Complexion to Education; ſome vacillating Tempers are ſeen, who take what they meet with, or who diſlike what they have not ſeen, and for no other Reaſon.

A Conformity of Sentiments and Inclinations begets Friendſhip almoſt as frequently, as a Diverſity in theſe Matters produces Averſion.

The imaginary *je ne ſçai quoi*, which cannot be expreſſed, is no more than an unmeaning Conceit of Men, to gratify their Love of the Marvellous, that is, of every thing in them, the Reaſon of which is beyond their Ken. They would, poſſibly, think themſelves under no great Obligation, ſhould I go about to diſpel a Miſt, in which they ſeem to take ſo much Delight.

A natural Averſion or Propenſity, which is not founded on ſome Principles, is not in Nature, though the Diſcuſſion of them would tire us both. A Multitude of things are done within us, which we never ſo much as think on; and it would put us to the Bluſh to call ourſelves to an Account for ſome of them. It is a good Subterfuge for many a one to impute to the *jei ne ſçai quoi* a Propenſion, the Principle whereof they could not reveal with a good Grace, though, at the ſame time, they can't be unacquainted with it.

To

To apply all the Premiſes to the Matter in Hand; be it reſolved, that if the Knowledge of Phyſiognomies was more cultivated, Antipathies and Sympathies would be no longer Myſteries. The Illuſions of Appearances would be at an End. The whole World would not induce us to paſs our Lives with thoſe, whoſe very Preſence naturally ought to be inſupportable to us. There would be no more of thoſe odd Matches, which never come to any Good, and whereof the Poet lays the Blame upon a cruel Maggot of *Venus*, who ſports herſelf in ſuch Contrarieties:

Sic viſum Veneri, cui placet impares,
Formas, atq; animos, ſub juga ahenea,
Sævo mittere cum joco.
Hor. Od. 33. Lib. 1.

Sympathies and Antipathies, in fine, depend more intimately on Senſations, which, of all things in us, are perhaps the moſt out of our Command. Farewell.

LETTER XXVI.

TO expect from me a circumſtantial Detail of all the ſeveral Conſtitutions, that I ſhould collect the ſeveral Characters or Tempers reſulting from them, which are the Portraits of their concomitant good and evil Paſſions, how could it come into your Mind? you, who above all others, muſt have known, that it is nothing leſs than an Impoſſibility, the Deſcriptions being without End. I went as far as poſſible; I explained to you their Connections, and, if I may be allowed the Expreſſion, their Genealogies. Conſtitutions beget Tempers, and from Tempers proceed Paſſions. So far I may boaſt, to have thrown a Meridian Light, where before was palpable Darkneſs. Now, it remains to ſhew, how, by the bare Inſpection of the Face, a Judgment, and a ſure one, may be formed of Mankind, which, as I ſaid before, is to underſtand Phyſiognomy. Never loſe Sight of the Principles prefatorily laid down, otherwiſe, as the Apoſtle ſays, *I ſhall be a Barbarian to you.*

Ac-

According to *Ariſtotle*, the chief Marks whereby we obtain an Inſight into Phyſiognomies, are to be met with in the Face, and 'tis not without the greateſt Reaſon he has ſaid ſo.

In all Agitations, are not the animal Spirits ſeen to mount up into the Face much more copiouſly than in other Parts of the Body, and, by their Conflux, to cauſe much more ſenſible Impreſſions? This you grant. Now, I'll further let you into the Reaſon of what you are already convinced of from univerſal Experience. 'Tis that the Senſes are ſeated in the Face, where they ſtand in need of larger Ducts, for the more eaſy and abundant Flow of the Spirits, ſo that it is little to be wondered at, that in all extraordinary Concuſſions of the Body, theſe Spirits ſhould preferably direct their Courſe to the Face, the Paſſages being more ample and commodious, and they being more uſed to that Part, the Senſes calling them thither continually to aſſiſt in their Functions, and convey their Informations.

Here one Thing muſt not be omitted, it having hitherto perhaps eſcaped your Obſervation, that the Skin of the Face

is of a particular Texture, distinct from that of any other Part. Every where else the Skin is separate from the Flesh; but on the Face the Junction is so intimate, that to dissever them would be to lacerate them, which gives a kind of Transparency to the Skin of the Face, adapting it for the Reception of the different Colours which are thrown upon it by the different Agitations; and thus it exhibits them outwardly.

Again, it is on the Face where Nature has placed the Eyes, and several other Parts, which being in an almost incessant Agitation, direct our Recurrence to the Face, the Seat of them, rather than to any Parts less subject to Agitations.

The Face, then, is the surest Denotative of a Man, as it is the Part where his Constitution, his Temper, and consequently his Passions, are the most conspicuously displayed.

Among the most incorrigible Opposers of Physiognomy, I never met with one, but will acknowledge, that upon certain Occasions they have very luckily formed their Questions and Answers from their Observations of the Countenance

tenance of the Perſon with whom they had to do.

The Reply to this, I know, will be, that there are indeed ſome Agitations, the Violence whereof hurries the Spirits up to the Face, and compels the Soul to betray its Diſorder in the Aſpect; but that when theſe Hurricanes ſubſide, which beſides are very rare where there is any Self-Government, it is, as it were, a *tabula raſa*, nothing expreſſive is to be diſcerned on it; that Phyſiognomy being ever the ſame, in a State of Quieſcence or Perturbation, if the above-mentioned Ferments are the only Props of my Syſtem, it is in a dangerous Condition, and will ſoon fall upon my Head.

This Objection, though merrily couched, may ſeem of Weight enough to deſerve an Anſwer. If, as in their great Indulgence they vouchſafe to allow, the Soul manifeſts itſelf on the Viſage in violent Commotions; and that he that runs may read the Marks of its inward Agitation; let them be pleaſed to tell me by what means they diſcern ſuch Indications? how they come to underſtand this Book ſo readily? They'll not fail to rejoin, that the Fact is ſo, nothing is more cer-

tain; but how we get this Skill, we are quite in the Dark. I'll endeavour to clear up this Myſtery, and ſhew them how thoſe Agitations unfold themſelves to their View, on Condition that I may infer from my Explanation, that the Soul is diſcernible in the Aſpect, no leſs in a placid than in a turbulent State.

The Agitation of the Soul throws the animal Spirits into a confuſed and impetuous Motion, which imparts ſuch a Fluſh or Pallidity to the Face, ſo inlarges or contracts the Lineaments and Features, whereby it is eaſily perceivable, that ſomething more than ordinary is the Matter. This is not all; I further aſſert, that this Change of Colour, this Deformation of the Features, are variable, according to the different Paſſions or Gradations of the ſame Paſſions which ſuſcitate theſe Agitations; and theſe different Paſſions are too well known to require any Eclairciſſement; they are ſo diſtinguiſhable at firſt Sight, that they muſt be Novices in the World who can miſtake them, and I expect none of that deſpicable Claſs for my Readers. A ſucceſsful and an unhappy Love are never blended; Jealouſy never

never appears on the Face along with Self-Conceit; even Hatred is separated from Rancour; and the same Sejunction runs through the whole Train of Passions.

My Inference from hence is, that between the tranquil and the disturbed Soul, the only Difference lies in the greater Motion of the Spirits in the latter State; that the Soul, in its most settled Composure, continues to act externally by the Motion of the Spirits, which are the Vehicles of it to all the Parts of the Body, and generally convey it with a Slowness or Velocity, according to the Frame of the Soul; that these Spirits remain the same in a Calm or a Tempest of the Soul; that the Impressions of the Constitution which forms them are indelible; and that they necessarily spread a Colour on the Face, or modify the Features, according to the Power they receive from the Constitution or Temperament from which they are derived.

I add, for the farther Inculcation of a Truth, which so well deserves it, that the Habit of a Passion, the Motions of which are necessarily marked, leave a Delineation of them on the Face. This Colour, by frequently fly-

ing up into the Face, ſettles there, and the Features retain that Figure into which they are ſo uſed to be ſhaped, and thus remain a fixed Warning againſt Diſguiſe, that whatever ſmooth Appearance the Soul may put on, that Paſſion expreſſed on the Face is radicated in it.

A profeſſed Drunkard is known to be ſuch, even when he is freſh and faſting, and moſt of the groſſer Vices require no great Sagacity to detect them in the Eyes and Countenances of thoſe who are habitually tainted with them, before any Eruptions have broke out. What every one perceives in the more ungovernable and ſtrongly marked Tempers, is obvious to the Phyſiognomiſts in the cloſer Paſſions, the more latent Stirrings, where the Strokes are not ſo bold, nor the Colours ſo glaring.

In Arts, any maſterly Performance takes with all who view it; but the Connoiſſeurs alone ſee into the Fineſſes of it, and pay the Artiſt the Admiration and Praiſe due to his ſuperior Skill.

Tumultuous Paſſions are viſible to any one with his Eyes open; but to detect the more diſguiſed ones, to diſcern a Storm lurking under the moſt winning Tranquillity,

quillity, ſhews the Penetration of the Phyſiognomiſt.

There is a very ſingular Fact atteſted by many Travellers; nor can all the Ridicule of our Incredulity invalidate ſuch unanimous Evidence for the Truth of it. It is, that the Savages will not only track a Man for ſeveral Leagues ſucceſſively, but alſo *(mirandum dictu!)* will, by the Quickneſs of their Scent, diſtinguiſh what Countryman he is; another Circumſtance which they mention, and which has been confirmed to me by ſeveral Perſons of unqueſtionable Veracity, who have been frequently Eye-witneſſes of it, is, that they are ſo ſharp-ſighted, as actually to ſee a Canoe half an Hour before an *European* ſo much as imagines he ſees any ſuch thing at all.

So the Similitude will hold good of thoſe who are expert in examining and decyphering Phyſiognomies, that their *Lyncean* Eyes diſcover Motions and Lineaments which are hid to all others, and that theſe Motions and Lineaments being the ſure Denotatives of many Things, capacitate theſe Adepts to judge of them with Infallibility.

I have ſometimes been under a heavy Concern about the Diſpoſition of my Countenance, and as much overjoyed that nothing amiſs was perceived in it; but, no Thanks to my Countenance, it was owing to the Stupidity of the Company that I came off without Suſpicion.

Let this teach us, that we may be deceived in Phyſiognomies, and that Phyſiognomies can never deceive us. I anticipate all the Queſtions you would urge upon me, and doubt not to anſwer them all, till you ſhall not be in a Mind to aſk me any more.

LETTER XXVII.

YEſterday I had an Adventure, which is, of all Things in the World, the moſt pat Sequel to my laſt Letter. An eminent Writer, and withal a Perſon of refined Morals among the *Engliſh*, whoſe Pen raiſed him to be Secretary of State, whereas, in any other Nation, ſuch a Man would have hugged himſelf at a Deſk of 4000 Livres a Year; this valuable Perſon is not aſhamed to ſay of himſelf, that he

he has often walked the Streets to divert himself with physiognomical Speculations, and he gives such a lively Account of them, that the Reader partakes of his Diversion. The same Sport led me t'other Day to the *Thuilleries:* My Eyes were roving among the prodigious Crouds which resort thither to look at one another, though they know nothing of Looks; and my Discoveries afforded me a great deal of tacit Mirth, when an Acquaintance coming up, whispered me his Congratulation on the Pleasure of being surrounded with Faces. After returning his Compliment, I found he would come in for some Share of the Ideas which the innumerable Variety of Objects must have produced in a Person of my Talents.

As we were walking on in Talk, I saw coming towards us a *Colossus* of a Man, who could not but move slowly, being hindered by the interposing Croud, which gave me time enough to take a full View of him, and say to my Friend, A perfectly amiable Creature; take Care not to elbow that Man; he would not pocket it, I am sure; for if he is not a *Hotspur*, and superlatively so, all my Rules are wrong.

wrong. Whether he actually liked the Countenance, or that he was in a contradictory Mood, he defied me to prove what I had ſaid. I accepted the Challenge, and took t'other Turn, that he alſo narrowly examining him, there might be no Diſpute about the Features, which I ſhould alledge in Defence of my Conjecture.

Accordingly, when we drew near to this enormous Figure, my Friend having eyed him very attentively, we began our innocent Altercation in the following Manner: The Aſpect of an angry Man, ſaid I, is what you can be no Stranger to; now I aſſert, that the Perſon in debate has that very Aſpect, though he be not at preſent angry; whence I conclude, that he is choleric. My Friend could not digeſt this Conſequence; he was not clear that a Paſſion was habitual to a Perſon, though ſeated in his Countenance. He readily enough allowed, that the Face had an angry Caſt; but ſtifly denied that ſuch a Caſt implied an habitual Anger: This brought on a Train of Replies and Rejoinders, Inſtances and Similitudes; but of which a ſuccinct Abſtract will be ſufficient for you.

Whence,

Whence, ſaid I, ariſes the peculiar Look of Anger? From an impetuous Confluence of a certain Quantity of Spirits of a certain Quality to certain Parts of the Face, inflaming, colouring it, and altering the Features thereof, and by the Rapidity of their Motion cauſe a Tremulouſneſs in ſome Parts of the Face, and a Tumor in others. This he did not gainſay. To what then, continued I, can be aſcribed the Fluſh, the Tumor, the Diſcompoſure, thoſe ſure Denotatives of Anger, which are manifeſt in that Man's Countenance, but to the very Principle of Anger? And why ſhould ſuch a Principle be in him, glare in his Aſpect, and yet be unactive? Nay, if it were unactive, how could it have impreſſed the Countenance ſo ſtrongly? Beſides, it is owing to frequent Returns of indulged Anger, that he has contracted ſuch a ferocious Aſpect, as is plainly declarative of an habitual Anger. It may be, that from his Youth the component Particles of his Blood being eaſily inflamable by Anger, may have contributed to the preſent Diſtortion of his Face. Perhaps alſo had he early uſed a moderate Diet, had he endeavoured to re-

reſtrain his Violence, bend his Temper t
Flexibility and Gentleneſs, he would hav
been in every Shape the better for it, hi
Aſpect leſs forbidding, and his Acquaint
ance more deſirable.

For do not by any means imagine i
to be my Doctrine, that a Paſſion, whic
ſeems neceſſarily to be implanted by th
Conſtitution, does not even admit of an
natural Check or Flexion. It is too true
that we are to be corrected ſooner b
others than by ourſelves. If the Paſſion
is ſuffered to grow up till our Reaſon
ſhews us the Danger or Turpitude there
of, our Reaſon comes too late, and in
ſtead of reſcuing us from this inbred Ty
rant, will only give us a more painfu
Senſe of our Servitude.

My Friend ſtill held out againſt all I
could ſay, when happily we were in
formed that this ſame Perſon, at his go
ing out of the *Thuilleries* was taken into
Cuſtody by a Guard, who had been or
dered upon that Service, till he would
conſent to make up a Quarrel with an
Officer of the ſame Regiment. The
whole Matter was related to us, when it
appeared, that it was entirely owing to
his choleric Humour.

How

How pleaſed I was with ſuch an authentic Confirmation of my Aſſertion, I leave you to gueſs; however, I had no Occaſion to exult at my Triumph; for my Friend immediately admired my Penetration, owned himſelf in the Wrong, and profeſſed he would never again offer to diſpute with me on a Point wherein he did me the Honour to ſay, I had few or no Equals.

The few Turns we took afterwards were ſpent in phyſiognomical Hints, nor would he part till I had fixed an Hour to meet in the ſame Place the next Day; for he ſeems, after this Conviction, to take a mighty Fancy to my Reveries.

What I have ſaid of Anger is applicable to all the other Paſſions, whether good or evil. It is a Rule of judging of Phyſiognomies which I think juſt, as verified by a never-failing Experience; not that I arraign another delivered to us by *Ariſtotle*, and which may ſometimes prove true; he calls it *The Rule of Contraries*; if, ſays he, you ſee any one of a modeſt Mien, and upon an exact Inveſtigation of him, you have Reaſon to conclude there was no Hypocriſy in the Caſe, but that the Denotatives in his Face are genuine;

nuine; when you happen to meet an oppoſite Countenance, you may, without Heſitation, conclude the Owner to be a conceited Coxcomb.

It is true *Ariſtotle* does not attribute Infallibility to this Rule; he gives it us along with many others, and moſt of them better, as not wanting ſome Utility, which indeed may now and then occur; and, now I think on't, a Perſon lately came in my Way, of whom I have the worſt of Conceptions. One would ſwear Nature intended to give him a Face exactly in every Feature the very Reverſe of your's. I have nicknamed him *Anti*——

LETTER XXVIII.

IF ever I was in Raptures I am now. Oh Phyſiognomy! how extatic are thy Pleaſures! how ſingular the Glory thou beſtoweſt! Know, my dear Friend, that I have convinced a Perſon, and he a Man of uncommon Wit, and of an Age to know himſelf, that I knew him a great deal better than he knows himſelf;

ſelf. He was ſtruck with Amazement. I have brought him to acknowledge, that he would be as happy in living with thoſe to whom he were known, as he is unhappy in living with others. He may truly ſay to all who ſee him, Why do you not know me? I wear no Diſguiſe, my Deportment is the Tranſcript of my Heart.

An habitual Diſſimulation has warped the Generality of Mankind into haſty Suſpicions; ſo without ſcrutinizing into him, ſome miſtake the Frankneſs with which he talks of his Concerns for a Simplicity near a-kin to ſomething worſe, and others for a particular Species of Fallacy. He undervalues himſelf ſometimes ſo as to render Praiſes neceſſary to keep him from Dejection: It is true, he lays ſuch Hold of theſe Praiſes, as if they had been his only Drift; and with an Ingenuouſnes which one cannot find in one's Heart to cenſure, he often lays the firſt Stone for a Panegyric on himſelf.

He is jealous at the Wit of another, yet is the firſt for praiſing that Wit which has excited his Jealouſy.

That with a hearty Love for his Friends, he ſhould be ſuſceptible of an utter

utter Forgetfulneſs of them, is nothing new; but it is very much ſo, that he'll rouze himſelf from this utter Forgetfulneſs to ſerve them with an Ardour which looks as if it could be kindled only by a vivid Conſtancy, ever ſeeking Occaſions to ſignalize its Unreſervedneſs.

Such is his Delicacy in Love, that he makes no Difficulty to forego what is called its groſs Delights; and his Imagination wears itſelf out by its very Heat: ſo that ſometimes for ſeveral Days he does not ſo much as once think of what he had juſt before loved, and which he'll begin to love again as paſſionately as ever, when his Imagination has recovered its Vivacity.

It is not ſo much as in his Thoughts, that he is over-ruled by his Conſtitution, though that be certainly the *Primum mobile* of moſt Part of his Conduct.

He miſtruſts his Wit, without its ever being known to have once failed where the Exertion was requiſite. When he gets the better, he is apt to puſh his Triumph a little too far; yet this is rather to convince himſelf and the Company of it, than with any Deſign of galling his Antagoniſt.

Poſſeſſ

Poſſeſt of a thouſand amiable Qualities, he is under ſuch Apprehenſions of their being wanting in him, that very often he conceits he is without ſo much as one.

Could it be imagined, that with a Power to entertain himſelf with every thing, he ſhould grow out of Humour with every thing; and though he might eaſily be very happy, yet perhaps few Men are leſs cut out to be ſo in effect. Some Days he wonders how he failed to pleaſe, on others he is certain he has nothing pleaſing in him.

He now and then glances upon his Uglineſs; but it may be plainly ſeen, that he believes nothing of the Matter, and that it is only to be told, that he is very well. He is ſo little formed for deceiving, that where Artifice is lawful, and he ſtudies it, he is too aukward to eſcape a Detection.

He would idolize any Perſon who ſhould appear to him to be poſſeſſed of thoſe Endowments of the Mind and Heart, which are actually in himſelf; and I verily believe, that his own Thoughts abate very much of the Eſteem which I have for him; he is not unlike ſome rural Laſſes, who are unacquainted with thoſe Charms

Charms of theirs, by which the Villagers are captivated. If the imaginary Times of *Aſtræa* were realis'd in our Days, he would appear to a much greater Advantage. Though capable of any thing, I greatly apprehend, that he will ſucceed in nothing. Should one ſingle Incident offer itſelf, he would be the moſt wretched Creature upon the Face of the whole Earth; and (I pray God I may be miſtaken) his Virtues ſeem to me to be already hurrying him to the Precipice.

He is ſo extremely delighted in doing handſome Actions, that one would think him capable of going in queſt of Opportunities, whereas they have no Share at all in his Thoughts. Naturally virtuous, he does not affect the Character; his good Deeds are ſpontaneous Emanations; if they are noticed, well and good, if not, 'tis alike to him: He is not more alert in improving fortunate Contingencies, than he is in preventing unlucky ones; theſe put him into Action, and then his latent Abilities become conſpicuous.

Since he came into the World he has not acquired either one ſingle Virtue or Vice; he is a perfect Repreſentation of Na-

Nature; whatever Parts ſhe puts him upon, he acts with a moſt ſingular Juſtneſs and Docility. He fancies himſelf the very Perſon he only acts; nor is it ſtrange that the Spectators ſhould be under the ſame Deluſion, and eſteem him as ſuch.

I have ſeen him in every Oppoſition of Character, devout, profane, buſtling, indolent, remiſs, tender, obdurate; and in all theſe Viciſſitudes confident that he ſhould perſevere in them, not ſo much as dreaming of a Poſſibility of any Change, except in the Interval of Devotion.

As on ſome Days he loves nobody, on others he hates even his very ſelf, and then inveighs againſt his Faults with a Vehemence which he is not capable of towards others: He details all his Paſſions, their Gradations; their Struggles for Superiority, the excruciating Agonies which they often bring upon him; yet ſhould any one be ſo cruel as to declare his Aſſent to ſuch Declamation, it would be planting Daggers in his Heart. He often thanks me in the tendereſt Manner, that with all his Faults I ſtill continue to love him; he ſmiles when I anſwer, that

his

his charming Qualities are more than a Compenſation for his *Foibles*. If it has not been his good Fortune to meet with a more eaſy and indulgent Friend than myſelf, I can truly ſay, that in the wide Sphere of my Acquaintance, I know no one more natural, and in moſt Reſpects more endearing than this ſame Humoriſt.

A very ſingular Quality in him is a moral Impoſſibility of deceiving any one. Guilt is no further known to him than by his Deteſtation of it. If he has any Faults, one is at a Loſs to find where the Blame lies, and the Origin of his Virtues is no leſs myſterious. I look upon him as I do upon ſome rare Production of Nature, admiring them without ſearching into their generative Principles.

You would be no leſs entertained with him than among all the Amenities which ſurround your *Villa* at ———, which are ſo many Maſterpieces in your Eye, though inanimate. If you won't take my Word in an Inſtance, which redounds ſo much to my Honour, he'll ſend you a Certificate, that I told him every Jot of what I have now written, before it was poſſible for me to have any

Know-

Knowledge of him, but from his Phyſiognomy alone.

LETTER XXIX.

THEY who call for Inſtances are in the Right, yet am I not in the Wrong for refuſing to alledge any. Since their Demand appears to you ſo highly reaſonable, put me in any convenient Way of giving them Satisfaction, and you may depend on my Readineſs.

What can I do better, than to demonſtrate the Poſſibility, the Certainty of phyſiognomical Knowledge? Do they expect that I ſhould gratify them ſo far as to let them into the denotative Signs of every Paſſion? Have I not ſaid, over and over, that theſe Paſſions being infinite, the Indications thereof of Courſe are not leſs? Would they have me analiſe ſome of their Acquaintances Faces, diſtinguiſhing the good or evil Quality of every Feature and Lineament? Will they paſs their Word, that the Perſons thus decyphered will be pleaſed with my Skill? Where is he who can put up with

any Detraction from his ſuppoſed Merit? Is it not a reigning Frenzy to imagine, that no Imperfection is to be found in us?

Beſides, do they flatter themſelves with any mighty Advantage from ſuch a Diſcovery? They would fix upon a few of theſe characterized Features, and upon ſeeing them ſeparately, or in Conjunction in other Subjects, or whether their Preception were right or wrong, they would be for putting the ſame Interpretation on them; which would not only run them into an inextricable Maze of Miſtakes; but, what is infinitely worſe, render them the very Peſts of human Society. For, to repeat it once more, there is no Colour which has ſo many, I am ſure not more, Gradations, than thoſe of a Paſſion, a Vice, a Virtue, or any good or bad Quality.

Friendſhip is not the ſame thing in two different Perſons, no more than are Senſibility, Tenaciouſneſs, Sloth, or Alertneſs, and the reſt of the Habits of the Mind. Accordingly there are not two Men to be found, the Features and Colours of whoſe Faces are abſolutely alike, whatever ſtriking Reſemblance there may be to an inattentive Eye.

It is not in their Souls, that two alert Men muſt look for the Cauſe of the Difference of their Alertneſs; their Souls having, and not without ſome Appearance of Reaſon, been ſuppoſed to be equal. This Difference muſt then ariſe from their Conſtitutions; and in like manner from this Difference of Conſtitution, they alſo derive the different Colour and Figure of their Faces; and 'tis theſe Colourings and Features which are the Keys to my ſure Knowledge of the ſubordinate Differences of one abſtracted Paſſion, which the unletter'd Multitude imagine to be alike in all, but which, in Reality, is far from being ſo.

Turn the World inſide outward, call to Mind whatever you have read, heard, or obſerved, and after all, you will not find the ſame Paſſion to exiſt in the ſame Mode in two different Subjects, unleſs you can meet with two Subjects perfectly reſembling each other in Conſtitution, and all conſtitutional Accidents, which you never will meet with.

This is a Truth, with which the Moraliſts ſeem to be but little acquainted, if one may judge by their Precepts for the Aquiſition of Virtues, and the Ex-

tirpation of Vices, being all too general, vague, and indefinite; ſo that it is a mere Chance if one of their Dogmas ſuit the particular Caſe of any Individual.

I am not a Stranger to their Apology, which is, that they addreſs their Admonitions to the Multitude; but wherefore do they ſo? For my Part, let me rather ſpeak effectually to ten or twelve Perſons, than to a hundred thouſand, and ſpending my Breath to no Purpoſe. To this Impropriety two things contribute: The firſt is, the Difficulty of laying open the whole Nature of a Paſſion, of aſſigning to every Kind, and every Degree of ſuch Kind, its Oppoſite: The Second is, the Eaſineſs of declaiming in general on the Heart, and the Paſſions appertaining to it. 'Tis but collecting and arranging the Thoughts and Reflections of others, and this Buſineſs is expedited; and thus in a trice, without any laborious Indagations or Compoſitions of the leaſt Benefit to any one, they ſeat themſelves in the Chair of Morality.

Socrates, who, perhaps of all the Pagans, ſaw fartheſt into the Heart of Man, with-held his Pen from this Subject, only on account of the Difficulties of which he

he was aware, of laying down Rules, which are no further wiſe, and deſerving a Publication, than as they are reducible to an effectual Practice, and calculated for particular Caſes.

There is a ſingle Sentence in *Ariſtotle* worth many a Volume on this Head; it deſerves to be written with a Sun-beam, the Truth of it is ſo weighty. He affirms, that the Character or Temper is the Cauſe of Actions. Had they, who have compoſed Diſſertations on the Paſſions, but well digeſted this golden Sentence, they would have written more pertinently, or not have written at all.

This imperfect Knowledge, or total Ignorance of the Paſſions, are the Sources of that general Injuſtice, which makes us require from others the Virtues which we have the good Fortune to poſſeſs; and on the other hand, of that indiſcreet Lenity, in forgiving ſuch of their Vices as are in ourſelves.

The Son muſt by all means be like his Father, who will be ſo juſt as never to chide him for ſuch Faults as are perhaps copied from himſelf. Lovers, think no Love real, which acts otherwiſe than theirs. The very Ambitious

and the Griping are ſeen to bear very hard on the Avarice and Ambition of others, becauſe the Influence of thoſe Vices is different in different Subjects.

We imagine to have given an unexceptionable Definition of a Vice, or a Virtue, when we have taken it from the Original, as acting in ourſelves; but we are miſtaken, our Compoſition is not the Standard of the World. A Man would be hooted at by the very Ruſtics, who having alighted upon a Spot of Ground, where ſome particular Vegetables were found to thrive, would have it, that all Soils muſt be of that Nature, and begin to ſow and plant accordingly: Whereas, if a Man only pretends to give an Account of ſome Paſſions, as he feels them in himſelf, without intermeddling with their Degrees, Motions, and Effects in others, he expoſes himſelf to no Ridicule.

Nothing can be a plainer Evidence, that the Knowledge of Man, though of all others the moſt advantageous, is of all others the moſt neglected.

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LETTER XXX.

SO! all my Pleas of Infinitude againſt ſpecifying Signs, which are applicable to my Principles, ſtand me in no manner of ſtead; you ſtill inſiſt on them, and under Colour of the Inutility of my Principles, though you allow their Certainty, without Signs to determine the Uſe of them, you require that I ſhould point out to you ſome of them, for a Specimen. This is putting me upon a Thing, which of all others goes moſt againſt the Grain; but you are uſed to command, and my Cuſtom has been to obey, and without any Repentance or Chagrin on either Side: Well then, I'll even try what will be the final Upſhot. I muſt prefatorily refer you to a Rule already mentioned, as taken from *Ariſtotle*, who was indiſputably qualified to give Rules on any Point, that an habitual Temper is not to be concluded from one Sign, but from the Junction of ſeveral. The Meaning of this venerable Tutor of a hare-brained Pupil, is, that if the Colour and Configuration of the Face do not agree in their Signification

of the ſame thing; if a Judgment prove right, it is ſo by mere Chance. From this Rule are to be excepted ſome particular Caſes mentioned by *Ariſtotle* himſelf: As, for Inſtance, when a Sign is of ſuch a Nature, as to be equivalent to many, or when a ſuperficial Knowledge only is ſought for in one Sign.

Take notice of hollow Eyes, and you'll find them infallible Tokens of Wit, or at leaſt of a Fire, which might have been improved into Wit. Do you ſee a clear roſy Carnation? This promiſes Candour, Gentleneſs, and Liberality: Whereas a livid Complexion is very Suſpicious; Treachery and Rancour, and dark and vindictive Deſigns, often lurk under it. On this Rule was founded *Julius Cæſar*'s Anſwer to ſome Friends, who warned him againſt *Antony* and *Dolabella*. No, no, ſaid he, their freſh and ruddy Complexions warrant eaſy and feſtive Diſpoſitions: 'Tis in thoſe pale meager Figures, pointing to *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, where all the Danger lies; they indeed are to be feared.

Let me deſire you to forbear any Queſtions about theſe two Inſtances, which I have ſelected out of thouſands,

not

not leſs certain, to prove, that he who deſires to know only the general Character, may be ſatisfied from one Sign. The Reaſon of this is abundantly plain, from the ſeveral Principles on which I have before inlarged, to remove all Obſcurity. To this Rule, I'll add another, that your Inſtruction may be complete; which is, the diſtinguiſhing an accidental or temporary from a natural or permanent Phyſiognomy: The Indications of the one often claſh with thoſe of the other; though there is, and can be, but one real Phyſiognomy, the Compoſition of Man not admitting of a two-fold Reſult. This, however, hinders not but that the uſual and habitual State, which I peculiarly name Phyſiognomy, and which I here mean by the Diſtinction of permanent Phyſiognomy, may be diſordered, and in ſome meaſure defaced by ſome ſudden and momentous Event: Now, this tranſitory Diſcompoſure is a ſort of new Phyſiognomy, which ſuperſeding the other for a ſhort Interval, is not improperly termed accidental or temporary Phyſiognomy. To dwell upon the diſtinguiſhing Signs of the latter Phyſiognomy, and indicate them by parti-

cular Inſtances, would be an Affront to your Capacity, they being ſo multifarious, that not only ſuch a one as you, but any one who has Eyes in his Head, cannot well be miſtaken.

Monimia had no ſooner been drawn in to diſcloſe her Love for *Xiphares* to *Mithridates*, than ſhe perceives how fatally ſhe has been deluded. She immediately forebodes her own and her Lover's diſmal Cataſtrophe, from the Alteration in the King's Countenance.

Of all the Subjects for our Reſearches, there is poſſibly not one which more nearly concerns us, than an Attention to thoſe critical Moments, when the Soul manifeſts itſelf externally, whether its *Oeſtrum* or Emotion diſdain the Reſtraint of diſſembling; or whether, how fain ſoever it would diſguiſe itſelf, ſome Symptoms break out, and betray its Agitation.

Alexander's Method to diſcover whether his Phyſician had actually prepared a Potion to poiſon him, does no leſs Honour to his Diſcernment, than to his Intrepidity.

Theſe Criſes afford Matter for many Obſervations, which may prove of ſignal Service

Service on other Occaſions; when the Soul being leſs moved, agitates the Body leſs, and the Flux of the Spirits in the Face is neither ſo copious, nor ſo rapid: For there is always ſome Reſemblance to be obſerved (though very few are bleſſed with this Talent) betwixt the fortuitous Phyſiognomy under our preſent Conſideration, and the permanent and habitual, which, in a correct Senſe, is the only Phyſiognomy.

After whatſoever Manner any Meat is dreſs'd, it ſtill retains its particular Taſte, and the Seaſonings of Cookery only give it a more poignant Reliſh. This is a Truth ſo received in Speculation, that its thought few Perſons can be truly known, till after a few of theſe Convulſions, which reveal their Paſſions, and lay open the true State of their Tempers to all Obſervers. Let not any one pride himſelf in this Diſcernment; for ſuch ſtrongly marked Signs are obvious to any who will ſee.

It is however true, that there is no being ſure, without ſome Knowledge of a Man, from his habitual Phyſiognomy. Joy and Grief, Emotion and Compoſure,

are imitable, and ſome People are rare Pantomimes.

It is a Complaint as old as *Ovid*, that the Eyes are taught to weep; and if the Eyes deceive, where is Truth to be expected? For they are the moſt frank, open, and indiſcrete Parts in all our Compoſition. They can conceal nothing, or rather they blab every Thing. There is no modelling them. They ſeem given us to contradict us to our Face, whenever we are for acting a fallacious Part, and the beſt Way never to be deceived, is to fix your Attention upon them. The Eyes of the moſt arrant Diſſembler are full of Truth.

When, therefore, Signs are inſiſted on, no others ſhould be meant, than thoſe which belong to the habitual Phyſiognomy; which indeed is the Ground-plot of any Streſs which may be laid on the other; and of theſe it is that I am going to give you ſome Elucidation, informing you withal, that a juſt Application is as difficult to be couched on Paper, as it is eaſy to be made from the View of a Face.

Why are we ſeparated by Seas, or confined by inſociable Occupations? I could

could ſay a thouſand Things to you, which won't bear writing. The foregoing Diſtinctions, I thought could not be omitted, in Juſtice to my Cauſe, or Reſpect to yourſelf; they have ſpun my Letter out to a Length, which will not admit of any Addition; but your inſatiable Thirſt after ſuch ſublime and uſeful Knowledge ſhall not long linger under Impatience.

LETTER. XXXI.

I Cannot forbear laughing, and very frequently, when I dip into any of the many phyſiognomical Treatiſes, with which the World has been drenched; they are ſo ſtuffed with paultry Deſcants on a large or a little Head, on a long or a ſhort Noſe, on Carnoſity or Leanneſs. They all annex the ſame Attributes to theſe different Signs, probably imagining that we ſhall be dazzled by the Pomp and Number of their Names, and not preſume to aſk a Reaſon of what is delivered by ſo many Perſons of confeſſed Erudition. This is certainly the Caſe; for

for among the whole Tribe of Metopoſcopiſts, there is not ſo much as one who goes about to prove his Aſſertions. It may happen, that one among a thouſand of their Prognoſtics may be natural, and anſwer Experience; and ſo a Fortuneteller, who ſhould foretell the ſame Incident to a thouſand different Perſons, would be very unlucky, if it ſhould fail in every one of ſuch a Multitude.

It will appear, that the beſt moulded Matter, the moſt exquiſite Figure, and the niceſt Proportions, are not always productive of the moſt perfect Character or Diſpoſition. How many Monſters deceive by a very amiable Outſide? and how many amiable Characters are ſhrouded in a monſtrous Body? Therefore, to judge truly of our Soul, you muſt occur to ſomething elſe than the Symetry and Delicacy of its Habitation.

How many Faces have you and I, and every one elſe, I ſuppoſe, ſeen charmingly beautiful, but quite unmeaning, and therefore could kindle only a ſudden Blaze of Admiration, being little better than a Buſto of curious Workmanſhip? whilſt others, to the Eye worſe than indifferent, have ſomething extremely taking

ing in them, because they are animated and expressive; the Soul, as it were, expands itself on them, and, by its vivid Influence, obliterates the natural Irregularities of its Matter.

It is not long since all *Paris* was Witness how a homely, dwarfish Songstress of the Opera, at the very first Line she sang, eclipsed the two finest Creatures which our Stage at that Time could produce, who acted the Parts of her waiting Maids in *Armida*.

Most Persons of eminent and of fixed Talents, are seen to acquire a Handsomeness whenever they are intent in the Exertion of such Talents; nor is it strange, that Organs modified for any particular Perfection should afford a freer Flow to the Spirits, and through them a more perfect Action to the Soul, when the very Thing, to which their Frame has been adapted, is to be taken in Hand.

To return; 'tis particular Designations of Colour and Configuration, which must be attended to, for determining the Disposition of a Man with any Certainty. These two are the only Marks which I know to be of any Use, the Eyes excepted; and these are of such universal Im-

Importance, as to deſerve a particular Chapter. Here is, pretty nearly, my Conception of this Mechaniſm. The Colour indicates the Paſſions in general; the Habit of them is ſignified by the Configuration, and in the Eyes may be ſeen (that is, by thoſe who have intelligent Eyes) heir Reach, that is, their Exceſs or Moderation.

He who has beſtowed any Reflection on the Principles of which we conſiſt, knows, that the Fluids circulating within our Bodies, and in our Fleſh, tinge the Ducts through which they paſs with the Colour of their predominant Element, whether the Clearneſs of our Skin renders it diſcernible, or whether the continual Paſſage of the Fluids at length ſettles a Tincture in them, the Colour whereof is declarative of the Element.

Now, among theſe Fluids the Colour and Celerity vary; the Motion of ſome is rapid, in others ſlow; ſome are red, others lurid, yellow, green, and are ſometimes ſeen of a black Hue. Every body muſt have obſerved, that as Melancholy has little Share in the roſy-countenanced, ſo the lurid are Strangers to Hilarity. Who does not know that

the

the Alacrity of a Perſon, high in Colour, may be very great, but is not durable? whereas, in a pale-viſaged Man, it holds out to the End, and is ever ready at Call.

When I have been ſometimes told ſuch a one is a very haſty Man, but the beſt-natured Creature in the World, he is angry and eaſy again in a Minute, I am ſure to conclude, that this good-natured *Furioſo* has a fluſhed Face; and when I hear of a dark Temper, whoſe latent Fire never goes out, I have the Idea of a lurid Viſage. If this has never occurred to you, only recollect and compare the Faces and Tempers of thoſe with whom you have long converſed, and have ſeen in trying Occaſions.

It is to be obſerved, that the Love of Pleaſure is annexed to all the general Paſſions, of which theſe Colours are the Denotatives; but with this Difference, that the Effects thereof in thoſe of a ruddy Complexion are light Follies, and only Follies; but in thoſe of a ſallow Complexion are intenſe Follies, bordering upon Frenzy; the former will not ſlacken his Purſuit of them, though it coſt his Life; the latter would ſacrifice himſelf, together with the Aſſociates and

Tools

Tools of his Pleaſure. It may, without Impropriety, methinks, be ſaid, that the Paſſions have ſome Affinity with their repreſentative Colours on the Face: The grave and melancholy Paſſions are not repreſented by lucid Colours, and as little do the ſportive and amiable Qualities ſhew themſelves in the dark or dull.

I ſuppoſe I ſhan't be put to anſwer that flimſy Objection taken from the Hues of the *Africans*. Why ſhould there not be the ſame Difference betwixt the Blacks of their Complexions as there evidently is betwixt the Fairneſs of *Europeans*? That this Diverſity, however true, is not ſo perceivable among us, is, that our Eyes are daily converſant with Whites, and ſeldom meet with a Black, or at leaſt ſeldom or never ſee a Group of Blacks.

So well grounded is this Allegation, that Painters and Dyers are almoſt the only Perſons among us, who are in any meaſure acquainted with the different Gradations of a Colour, and theſe are ſo perfectly; their Trade obliging them daily to inſpect and compare Colours; and by this Frequency of Cuſtom, they acquire the Faculty of knowing all their Degrees and Diſtinctions.

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Let not this Truth be oppoſed, becauſe the Tendency of it ſeems to prove, that the Knowledge of the Paſſions follows from that of the Colours. Is not the Bluſh of Modeſty univerſally allowed to be very different from the Fluſh of Anger, though both red? Could not ſome tear off their very Skins for bluſhing on certain Occaſions, either becauſe though guilty, they would not furniſh Arms againſt themſelves; or out of Horror of bringing their Innocence into Suſpicion? I will never be brought to believe, that Bluſhes ariſing from ſuch different Motives, the Bluſh of timorous Virtue, and the Bluſh of confounded Guilt, are perfectly alike in their Colour. No; but the ſuperficial World often makes no Diſtinction, and lets fly its Bolt, according to Favour or Prejudice towards the Party bluſhing, without examining the Redneſs, which would be the direct Way to come at the Truth.

Painters, who ſtudy Nature with a peculiar Delicacy, and in the Imitation whereof the Excellency of their Skill conſiſts, have a Colouring for every Paſſion; compare, eſpecially, the Hiſtory-Painters, whoſe Pieces generally repreſent

ſent Variety of Paſſions, and you'll ſee the Uniformity of their Pencil in repreſenting Pity, Anger, Luſt, &c.

I muſt not cloſe this Letter without warning you, that it appears, indeed, from the foregoing Compariſon, that in forming your Idea of any one's Diſpoſition, you are not to be wholly guided by the Colours, they being, after all, no more than one of the Signs which I explained to you; and the Sign, of all others, the moſt apt to lead you into Errors, if it happen to be wrongly applied. If, for Inſtance, they denoting no further than general Paſſions, any one ſhould go about to determine the effective Paſſions, and their Gradations, he would run himſelf into many Inconveniencies, if he regulated his Behaviour by his Conjectures.

To ſay of a Man he is of ſuch a coloured Complexion, conſequently he is naturally inclined to ſuch and ſuch Things, may be no Miſtake, or rather it is generally true; but to aſſert, that being of ſuch a Colour he gives himſelf up to, and is carried away, by thoſe Paſſions and Propenſities, may be an erroneous, I am ſure it is a very uncharitable, Concluſion.

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The Colour, in its Indication of any Paſſion, ſhews only the Seed, it does not extend to the Fruits. Education, Conſtraint, the Care of one's Fortune, and in a more eſpecial Manner Virtue and Religion, often nip theſe Humours, Paſſions, and Propenſities, in the Bud, ſo that there is no arguing from a Man's having the Root of them in him, that he cheriſhes them, and ſuffers them to grow to ſuch a Head, as to influence his Conduct.

I am thus particular, being deſirous of carefully preventing any injurious Miſtakes in the Poſitions relating to Colours. I imagine no ſuch Thing of you; but all Places being full of Men of dull and confuſed Apprehenſions, who are not able to ſee clearly into theſe Diſtinctions, my Fears of ſuch Miſtakes, which would give me a moſt ſenſible Concern, are very excuſable. In my next I hope to give you no leſs Satisfaction about the Configuration.

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LETTER XXXII.

WHY, in the Name of Goodneſs, do you require that I ſhould fill a Letter on the Configuration of Matter? I can ſay no more than what any ordinary Perſon may ſay; and to write common, trivial, or uſeleſs Things to you, is a very grating Taſk. What Truth ſhall I demonſtrate, in ſaying, that fat People are generally good-humoured, and that there is ſeldom a large Share of Wit to be found in your overſized Bodies? The Lord Chancellor *Bacon* of *England*, that famous Inſtance of the Force of the Mind, and of the Weakneſs of the Heart of Man, being aſked by his King, *James* the Firſt, what he thought of the *French* Ambaſſador, who it ſeems was of an uncommon Stature, made anſwer, Theſe tall Folks are like Houſes five or ſix Stories high, where the uppermoſt Rooms are always the worſt furniſhed.

Every one may ſatisfy himſelf about the two above-mentioned common Sayings, which are often verified, by obſerving, that the Good-nature of fat People, as, to give it a right Name, is no

no more than a kind of Indolence, ſo is it wholly the Reſult of the Eaſe which they feel in themſelves, their Blood not being near ſo much agitated as in others of leſs Carnoſity, nor ſubject in a like Degree to the daily Alterations which are produced in the Blood of others, their Food turning rather to Fleſh than Blood.

As to thoſe of an exorbitant Bulk, a Judgment may be formed of them by the Giants, of which we now and then have a Show, and whom we are ſurpriſed to find far inferior to a middle-ſized, well-built Man, not only in Wit, but alſo in Strength and Activity.

Though Men be the Paragon of the Creation, the Maſter-piece of Nature, yet every Man bears about him ſome Tokens of a Deficiency or Exuberance. If Nature exceeds in one Thing, it is too ſparing in another. If it produces a Body of an extraordinary Size, there ſhall be wanting either that Copiouſneſs of animal Spirits, or that Texture or Organization which are neceſſary to equal it in Strength and Agility to other Bodies, in Proportion as it ſurpaſſes them in Height and Bulk. It is entirely the Work of Nature, and took up its Attention as much

much as others, but its Proportions were not the ſame: So that he whom it has thus conſtituted, can complain with no better Face, than he whoſe Littleneſs is as much out of the common Courſe, yet with which it has interwoven what we call Wit, Genius, Talents, *&c.* To this Syſtem it is, where, I believe, we muſt recur for explaining a general, and withal a pretty true Opinion, that miſhapen People have more Wit than others.

I ſhall not undertake to diſcuſs this ſo equitable Compenſation of Nature, nor point out how each Subject may make the moſt of himſelf. There are not wanting Countries where a large Body is a more merchantable Commodity than a delicate Wit. How many Nations, even at this Time of Day, when they are much refined from their ancient Ruſticity, make no Account of a Wit, in Compariſon of an expert Hunter, or a Man of extraordinary Strength? and I believe in our *Europe*, with all its Culture of Arts and Sciences, and curious Poliſh of Manners, more than one Part may be found, where they ſeem to think perſonal Comelineſs preferable to any other Accompliſhment.

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It is not only once that I have seen a senseless Beauty meet with more Respect, and even seconded in her Insults over some of her Sex, who were not more witty than it was their Misfortune to be ugly; so true is it, that our Behaviour is often a Contradiction to those noble Ideas we pretend to have of the Mind, undervaluing it even beneath the Body, on whose Inferiority we can declaim with such a Flow of Eloquence, whilst we are at such Cost to cocker and adorn it. I have almost lost myself, and without Recollection I shall quite lose Sight of the Subject of this Letter, to which, however, all that has been said has some Relation, at least, a distant one.

Delicacy is not a natural Property of the Robust and Nervous; their terrene Composition is incompatible with it. There is not in them, as in the Weakly, a continual Decay, occasioned by the Disproportion of aqueous and aereal Particles in their Constitution.

All which I have said or supposed, relating to the Configuration of Bodies, gives a Verisimilitude, I may almost say, a Certainty, to my Opinion of the Resemblance betwixt the Bodies and the

Souls; the Souls, according to my Account of them, becoming inſenſible only by their Operations, and theſe Operations intimately depending on the Bodies.

This has led me to conclude, and I have ſeldom been very wide of the Mark, that thoſe ſtiff Figures, who look as if they had a Stake drove through them, and thoſe who are of a fierce or auſtere Countenance, have Souls, or rather Diſpoſitions, correſpondent to thoſe Appearances; which corroborates what I ſaid of the Configuration, when I advanced, that it was a ſure Denotative of the Habit of the good or bad Qualities of the Diſpoſition.

Why, indeed, ſhould not the Body aſſume ſtatedly the Air of a Thing to which it is ſo often obliged to ſuit itſelf? By a continual Surlineſs, Arrogance, and over-bearing Temper within Doors, our Body comes at length to contract a diſdainful Air, and haughty Carriage, which are ſo eaſily diſtinguiſhed, and ſo difficult to be concealed, at a Juncture which requires Mildneſs and Submiſſion. Thus, a Neglect of ourſelves alſo gives us an habitual Air of Aukwardneſs, which we cannot ſhake off amongſt the genteeleſt Com-

Company. Some Men, among the reſt, who are all Nature, and conſequently eaſier to be decyphered than others, carry in their Bodies the plaineſt Signs of their predominant Habits.

I ſhall be perhaps aſk'd, whether, abſtractedly from Cuſtom or Inadvertency, Nature itſelf does not exhibit e one's particular Paſſions and Propenſities by particular Marks and Delineations? Without doubt it does. But at the ſame time I muſt add, that the Number of theſe Delineations is generally very ſmall, and that it is a Point of great Skill not to be miſtaken in them. Likewiſe, that it is here chiefly, where there may be Temerity in taking them for the Rule of a definitive Judgment.

Excuſe me, if I forbear diſcloſing to you on this Head all that you could deſire; I am afraid it would be wreſted to malignant Applications: And however innocent my Intentions might be in revealing ſuch Secrets, to have given a Handle to the Abuſes of them, would be an everlaſting Concern to me, who have the Tranquillity and Reputation of every one at Heart.

Here follows all my good Nature will allow you: Whatſoever Variety Nature makes Uſe of in the Combinations of Matter, ſome Things there are, in which it is invariable; and the Relation betwixt theſe is neceſſary, that the Exiſtence and Qualities of what is not ſeen, may be determined by the Knowledge of what is viſible. The Rules of Proportion, which form the Regularity and Beauty in Works of Art, are not arbitrary, but taken from thoſe of Nature; but the former are very far from being ſo exact as the latter; and there will ever be the ſame Difference as betwixt the Original and the Copy.

When you look upon a Boy of ſix Years of Age, you can give a very probable Conjecture what will be his Shape and Stature when he has reached twenty; then why is it accounted preſumptuous, and even impious, to affirm, that upon an attentive Survey of ſome Lineaments and Features, a Perſon who has long ſtudied their Agreements and Significations, may form a true Judgment of the good and ill Qualities of the Perſon whom he inſpects? The *Materiality* of the Lineament or Feature, if I may be allowed that

that Expreſſion, may have ſome Connection with the Quality denoted, though it be attributed to the Soul, ſince it has been farther ſuppoſed, that even the predominant Diſpoſition of the Soul depended upon the Body, and on what is called Matter. I will make you amends for my cautious Omiſſions on this Head, by being larger on the Eyes, which you may expect will be the Subject of my next Letter.

LETTER XXXIII.

I Have ſo many Things to ſay upon the Eyes, that I am at a Loſs where to begin; like one who complains of being impoveriſhed by his very Affluence. It is in every body's Mouth, that the Eyes are the Mirror of the Soul; and this Definition, as it does them a great deal of Honour, ſo nothing makes more for my Purpoſe. Neither is that all that can be ſaid to their Honour; of all the Organs of Senſe the Eyes ſeem to be the moſt uſual Reſidence, the particular Seat

of the Soul; at leaſt, it reaches them ſooner than elſewhere, when called thither, and there it is ſure to come at the firſt Summons. Their Language is its beſt Interpreter; neither the Sweetneſs, nor the Strength, nor any Modulation of the Voice, can come up to the Gracefulneſs and Energy with which they are ſeen to expreſs the Joys and Grief, the Reſentment and Complacency, and all the Senſations of the Mind.

Nobody ever preſumed ſo far as to think he could ſpeak better than with his Eyes: Under the Want of Expreſſions, it is to them only we can have Recourſe. Their Diſcourſe does not ſtand in need of the tedious Arrangement, or laboured Cadence of Periods. It ſays in one Word what could not be ſpoke in a thouſand. In an Inſtant it ſolves the moſt perplexing Queſtions, and decides Anſwers which are not leſs ſo. How many Doubts are cleared up; how many Griefs are allayed; how many Altercations are terminated by a ſingle Look?

Not a few Divines have taken it into their Heads to ſay, but upon what Grounds I know not, that the celeſtial Intelligences converſe and impart their Thoughts

Thoughts to each other by Intuition. I preſume from hence to infer, that if the Eyes among them ſupply the Place of Speech, it muſt be through them that the Soul makes the cleareſt Diſcovery of itſelf, and the moſt independent of Matter: And, in a Word, that the Soul is in them more itſelf than any-where elſe.

What has confirmed me in this Opinion is, their wonderful Frankneſs and Veracity. Such is their Averſion to all Deluſion, that very often they ſhew the Soul what it is, rather than what it would wiſh to be ſeen.

You cannot but have obſerved many a one abaſhed and confounded, from a Conſciouſneſs, that their Eyes declared more than they were willing to have known, or than ſuited with their Deſigns. As an evident Proof of their Sincerity, let me refer you to thoſe Circumſtances, when the Eyes ſay *Yes*, and the Mouth ſays *No*, and wherein the *Yes* of the Eyes afterwards proved to have ſpoke the Truth. There is an odd Sort of People who will bluſter, and make a Noiſe, and at the ſame time their Looks aſk your Pardon. If their Rattle ſo diſcompoſes you, that you do not read

their Diſſimulation in their Eyes, they have their Ends, and you become their Dupes.

All this, ſay you, agrees very little with the common Opinion of the Deceitfulneſs of the Eyes, or with what I myſelf have ſaid of them, in one of my preceding Letters. I was then only ſpeaking of them curſorily, and rather to expoſe the Practices made uſe of to teach them to cheat, than to ſay that they actually did cheat, and were apt Scholars in ſuch infamous Leſſons.

The Eyes never deceive when they ſpeak; but be firmly perſuaded, that the Fault lies on the Reader's Side. Either they know nothing of the Matter, or dazzled by Prejudice, quite miſtake the Letters, and thus are deceived. So far the common Opinion has ſome Appearance of Reaſon. I am ready to maintain againſt all the Aſperſions caſt by Ignorance upon them, that ſpeaking Eyes always ſpeak Truth. The reading Eyes indeed often read amiſs, and quite otherwiſe than what is really written.

Diſputes run high upon a Book which has been read by thouſands; they are hardly agreed upon the Text, the moſt material

material Part. As to the Meaning of that, and the Commentaries on it, it depends intirely on the Readers, that is, on their different Taſtes and Capacities, which dictate the Judgment they pronounce upon the Book. But it has never yet been ſeen, that there was an univerſal Concurrence in Opinion on the Excellency of a Book, and the particular Meaning of its Contents. Now, it would be a Folly, and alſo an Injury to the Author, to accuſe the Book of not ſaying what it does ſay. The Readers, indeed, may be juſtly cenſured for not reading what is in it. Let this ſerve for an Illuſtration of ſpeaking Eyes, and reading Eyes.

If a young Wench, aſhamed of the Slip ſhe has committed, or to diſculpate herſelf, ſhould tell me in a whimpering Tone, that the Man who deceived her, had Eyes irradiated with Affection, that their Language expreſs'd an unalterable Conſtancy in the moſt tender Accents; I would anſwer her flatly, that ſhe does not know how to read: That thro' the Miſt of her own Paſſion, ſhe might imagine to ſee fine Things; but they were no Realities. I would aſſure her, whatever ſhe might plead or pretend, that

the Eyes of her Seducer flaſh'd with the preconceived Joy of triumphing over her: That nothing was legible there, but the Impatience of Hope, and the Tumult of Deſire.

All the Paſſions kindle up the Eyes; but every one has a particular Fire, which requires a nice Skill to diſtinguiſh. Women, with all their Study and Experience in the Art of pleaſing, never yet have attained to impoſe upon the Eyes of Men, the Fire of one Paſſion for that of another. If any fall into their Snares, it is owing to their Prepoſſeſſion, or want of Experience. It is however true, that they have made ſome Proficiency in this Point; which is, that they generally read better in our Eyes, than we read in theirs. They are found to have a clearer Perception of what paſſes in us, than we have of their Sentiments, Affections, and Deſigns: And I do not know, whether this be not the Reaſon why it is not ſuſpected, that there are more Men captivated by Women, than there are Women by Men. I think there is enough for this Poſt, and I hope you think ſo too.

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LETTER XXXIV.

WE have gone through ſeveral Actions of the Soul in the Eyes; I ſhall now endeavour to lay open the Manner of this Action, and examine whether Nature has not placed in the Eyes ſome particular Sign, denoting the predominant Diſpoſition.

The natural Mechaniſm, by which the Eyes are adapted for the Reception of Objects, comes under Anatomy; of which, conſequently, very few, I ſuppoſe, can be ignorant.

The manner of the Soul's ſpeaking through the Eyes, by filling them with Water, or with Fire; by opening them more or leſs; by turning them in ſeveral Directions; by enlarging or contracting them; has never yet been explained by any one, nor ever will be. 'Tis a Contrivance, an Artifice of Nature; which, although entirely material, is beyond the Verge of our Penetration, and ſeems rather an Object of Admiration, than of Curioſity. I could indeed heap Quotation, upon Quotation, and, after all, you would be ſtill but where you are.

Let us then limit our Attention to the particular Signs, which Nature muſt have placed in the Eyes of every Individual, as outward Exhibitions of his Character; for if, of all the Senſes, the Eyes are the Place where the Soul ſeems the moſt ſenſibly to reſide, it muſt, with more Eaſe and Certainty be known there, than elſewhere. And for my Part, I know nothing ſo ſignificant, ſo demonſtrative, as the Eyes. Joy and Grief, Pleaſure and Pain, Anger and Complacency, Arrogance and Mildneſs, even Health and Sickneſs, every thing is expreſſed in them, every thing is plainly viſible in them, before the leaſt Veſtiges appear in any other Place: They are always the firſt to give notice of every thing that happens.

I make no doubt, that there may be ſome Perſon, but indeed, a very extraordinary one he muſt be, who, by only looking on the Eyes, may diſcern the reſpective Diſtempers of a Number of Patients, and the Diſpoſitions of the Healthy to any particular Diſeaſe. As for preferring large Eyes to ſmall ones, that may be the Whim of Faſhion.

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However, I believe in general, that large Eyes indicate a candid and generous Temper; that prominent Eyes are more promiſing, than thoſe that are ſunk and hollow.

Small Eyes are not to be thought to have more Fire in them than the large, only the Fire being confined within a ſmaller Orbit, beams out to a greater Advantage. A Diſpoſition of extraordinary Vivacity, and large Eyes, are ſeldom ſeen in the ſame Perſon.

The Colour of the Eyes is not leſs expreſſive than their Dimenſions. A Perſon with a black Eye is ſeldom known to be ſupine and ſloathful. Theſe Defects are ſignified by blue Eyes; yet theſe laſt have alſo their Merit: They are ſure Signs of a tender Impreſſibility, and ſympathiſing Diſpoſition. They do not ſuddenly ſet in a Blaze thoſe who look upon them, as do the black Eyes: They waſte them inſenſibly, and like a ſlow Poiſon, bring on a lingering Death: But black Eyes deſtroy the Beholder at once, like a Cannon-ſhot.

Hitherto I have been ſetting you in the Way; ſo that you may proceed at Pleaſure, and make ſuch Compariſons and

and Inferences, as promiſe moſt Entertainment, or any Exigency may require.

What we call Wit ſhews itſelf with ſuch a pointed Effulgence in the Eyes, that there is ſcarce a Man living, whoſe Portion of it is not determinable from their natural Lucidity.

Some Eyes are wholly unmeaning, denoting neither Faculties, Inclinations, nor Paſſions; yet here the large Eyes are to be diſtinguiſhed from thoſe of the common Dimenſions. They who have large Eyes, as the Generality of the *Myops*, are ſeldom known to want Sagacity, and their Paſſions are vehement. The ordinary Sort of the unmeaning are not indeed utterly inſignificative; for they ſhew their Owners to be Perſons without any habitual Vices or Virtues; and of all the Eyes which I have ſtudied, I like theſe as little as any; they are of no manner of uſe.* In theſe Eyes, the Colour muſt be recurred to, to get any Information of their Owners Diſpoſition. If it be blue, you may infallibly conclude them ſloathful and enervate; and on the contrary, their Alertneſs and Vigour is proportionate to the Black of the Eye.

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As for the large Eyes, in which nothing is to be read, the Colour of the Face, and the Configuration of the Features, ſupply that Deficiency in ſuch ſtrongly mark'd Characters, that there is no need of examining the Colour of ſuch Eyes. I omit the Colours ſubordinate to black and blue, the two deciſive ones; as from theſe, all the others are explicable with the greateſt Eaſe and Certainty.

I never ſaw a clear lucent Eye, without a quick Apprehenſion, and regular Vivacity. Unſteady Eyes love very little, if at all, whatever their Colour or Dimenſions may indicate. Moiſt Eyes love too much; and very open Eyes love every thing. I expoſe myſelf not a little, in diſcloſing to you thus freely, ſuch Myſteries of Nature, curious in themſelves, but more valuable for the Documents of Prudence, which they contain; but, let me add, that none of theſe important Rules are without their Exception.

Thus, when I tell you, that I can't endure to look upon an Eye where the Liquors are confuſed, that they give me the very worſt of Ideas, I would not have you think, but that I enter into the

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Reciprocations of a fast Friendship with the Chevalier *de* ——, not only with Confidence, but with Joy, which is the surest Sign that he is in my Eye, a candid, constant, and valuable Man. Tho' pink Eyes appear to me a Denotative of no great Reach; this does not prepossess me in the least against Mr. *de* ——, than whom, in my Opinion, there is not a Man of a more delicate Wit in the whole World.

So much, and really I think it enough in all Conscience, on Physiognomies: Nothing remains now for your Entertainment, but Personalities, with which, for my own sake, and that of others, you will please to dispense. One Letter more shall be the Epilogue to this Correspondence; it is no more than what is due to the kind of Fears you tell me you are under, lest I should bring Sholes of Enemies, Divines, Ladies, and Philosophers, upon my Back, by my physiognomical Reveries. My Answer, I assure you, shall be dictated by my Heart; and, I hope, entirely consonant to Truth and Nature.

LET-

LETTER XXXV.

TO ſtudy Mankind, is not learning to hate them; ſo far from ſuch a malevolent End, it is learning to bear and live eaſily with them. Turn your Back upon any philoſophical Syſtem, which has a Tendency ſo much as to weaken any of the juſt Ties, whereby Men are united, and which undermines Society, the Welfare of which is not the moſt inconſiderable End of our Being. There may be a great deal of Whim in ſuch Syſtems, but very little Reaſon. Nobody is farther from being a *Miſanthrope* than the ſound Philoſopher. Every one loves and courts the Converſation of ſuch a one; whereas Faultfinders are ever hated and avoided.

It is inconceiveable to me, how any one, after a little Reflection on the Clay of which we are moulded, and that we are all of the ſame Compoſition, can be ſo difficult towards his Fellow-Creatures. Does not every one feel in himſelf the firſt Cauſe of all thoſe Defects, on which he is ſo ſevere in others? ſhould not this Conſciouſneſs mortify our Pride, and ſilence

lence our Invectives? Patience and Indulgence better become our Natures. We ſhould behave to one another, as is ſometimes ſeen in Children of the ſame Mother, who conceal, who bear with, and who aſſiſt, the Imperfections which any one of them contracted in their common Womb.

I am extremely pleaſed with the Queſtion moved at a philoſophic Supper, where all the Company were Perſons of an unblemiſhed Character; whether every Mother's Son among them had not once in his Life deſerved to be hanged; and after no long Recollection, they all paſs'd Sentence, on themſelves, if this Puniſhment were not limited to Thefts and other Crimes, in themſelves, perhaps leſs atrocious, and leſs pernicious in their Conſequences, than many other more common Tranſactions, or clandeſtine Practices, to ſome of which the Laws aſſign no Puniſhment, and to others, ſuch as is unequal to the Guilt.

Whatever external Difference there may appear to be betwixt Man and Man, there is ſtill a very great Similarity in the Principles of which they are originally compoſed. Were we to ſcrutinize into the

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primary Elements of that Creature, who is rather commonly called a great Man, than who is ſo in Reality, we ſhould ſtartle at finding ſuch a large Mixture of thoſe which have conſtituted a Villain.

This Diſtinction of Men often takes its Riſe from adventitious Cauſes; their primitive Formation is, and their inward Character may in the main, be uniform. Birth, Condition, Profeſſion, Affinity, and innumerable other Accidents, too often blind us in our Surveys of others, and miſlead us into falſe Eſtimates. In order to a right Judgment, they muſt be ſtript of all Acceſſories and Appendages, and viewed with the unerring Eye of Phyſiognomy.

Impoſed upon by the Breath of common Fame, which retails its Cenſures and Praiſes at random, we often court an Intimacy with a Scoundrel, and ſlight the Overtures of a Man of Worth: How valuable then is a Study, which ſecures us from Errors of ſuch Conſequence? And as of all the ways of knowing Mankind, Phyſiognomy is the trueſt, ſo is it alſo the leaſt inconvenient to thoſe who have made any Proficiency in it.

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They who apply themſelves to the Study of Mankind, and have thus got an Inſight into the Failings annexed to their Nature, I'll compare to thoſe who are entering into a Vocation which obliges them to attend the Dead and Dying. At firſt they conceive a kind of Horror; they think they ſhall never be able to hold out againſt their ſtrong Repugnancy; but Uſe reconciles them ſo throughly to it, that all their Diſguſt is quite over; they are uſeful to thoſe whom they attend, and find their Conformity turns to a good Account to themſelves.

Is it not a common Obſervation, that aged Judges are moſt inclined to Mildneſs? and whence is this, but that thro' Age and Experience, they have attained to a Knowledge of Men, who are ſure to meet with the moſt Patience and Lenity from thoſe, who have the trueſt Knowledge of them?

Beſides, be careful how you take it into your Head, that a Phyſiognomiſt looks upon Self-Love and Paſſions, thoſe continual Springs of Vices and Errors, in no other manner than the pur-blind Herd. I aſſure you, he ſees many

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Accompaniments which lie too deep for vulgar Eye.

Before he paſſes Sentence, he carefully digeſts every Article of the Proceſs, and examines Witneſſes; he acquits the Delinquent of Matters in which he was not a free Agent; laying to his Charge ſuch only which were perpetrated with a Concurrence of the Will; and in ſuch Concurrence, he is not wanting to make Allowances for the Circumſtances, which might ſeduce or do Violence to the Volition. If he cenſures its too eaſy Compliance in ſome Things, he praiſes its generous Struggles, its determined Oppoſition, in not running all the Lengths to which the impetuous Paſſions were hurrying it. He conſiders it, as it unhappily is, in a State of Servitude, in which no Good can be done without Conflict, and commends it ſometimes for the Evil in which it would not be brought to be an Accomplice. His ſuperior Knowledge makes him ſo different from the Bulk of Mankind, that he is as ready to commend, as he is ſlow to blame. He diſtinguiſhes the Junctures when it was free, from thoſe in which it was under Compulſion: He perceives that every thing

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in Man is extremely adulterated; nothing abſolutely genuine, ſimple, and perfect, and knows that the Evil is not totally devoid of Good, nor is the Good entirely without an Alloy of Evil.

Precipitancy to condemn, if it does not proceed from a malignant Heart, certainly does from a narrow, uncultivated Genius: Children are more ſevere againſt one another in their little Inadvertencies, than the moſt auſtere Judge againſt a notorious Offender. Self-Love makes the idle Creatures conceit, that it is glorious to inſult over their Equals, and that to praiſe them, would make themſelves look little. Indeed, to view a Character at once on its bright and dark Side, to balance one with the other, and to confine one's ſelf only to commend what is good, under a Senſe of the evident Impoſſibility to correct what is amiſs, is the Property of that Knowledge alone, which is conſummated by Experience.

So certain and tanacious am I of this Truth, that I cannot forbear avowing, that I am quite out of Conceit with all our fine Treatiſes of Morality, and with thoſe of Characters eſpecially; becauſe they are little elſe but Declamations, breath-

breathing the moſt contemptuous Aſperity againſt poor Mankind. If you'll take their Word, we are univerſally made up of Vices. But, how come they by their Idea of Virtues, if there are none on the Face of the whole Earth? and if there are, why do they, by a miſtaken Acrimony, impede their Growth? Do they think the way to make Men virtuous is to be inceſſantly dinning their Ears with diſcouraging Reproaches, and ſour Admonitions? To bring theſe Doctors into a better Method, is an Attempt above my Ability; but I look upon them with a kind of contemptuous Pity, as I do on ſome who peſter all Companies with long-winded Lamentations on the Decay of Friendſhip and Gratitude. The Faults of the Mind are Errors, and admit of Correctives; but thoſe of the Heart are downright Vices, and are inextirpable.

The next Subject you chuſe for a Correſpondence, let me beg of you, that it may be ſomething better than Phyſiognomy, which has drawn me in to ſend you a Ribble-row of Inanities, inſtead of a Series of philoſophical Letters. Adieu, Adieu; I love you with my whole Heart, and unalterably.

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LETTER XXXVI.*

Upon the Inequality of SOULS.

IT ſeems, then, ſomebody has taken upon him to inſinuate to you, that I am inclined to hold an Inequality of Souls; but this Buſy-body does not know how to diſtinguiſh betwixt Jeſt and Earneſt, and has miſtaken an hypothetical Flouriſh for a real Opinion. It is true, that I once declared there appeared to me leſs Difference betwixt ſome Men and Brutes, than betwixt thoſe Men and Mr. *Fontenelle*, as for Inſtance.

In the Converſation on that Head, we gave a full Scope to our Imaginations, and as freely compared them. We ſuppoſed three or four Kinds of different Souls, and diſpoſed of the Generality of our male Acquaintance among the Claſſes into which we ſubdivided them.

This Arrangement was of wonderful Uſe to us in clearing the Way for an Ex-

* We are credibly aſſured, that theſe three Letters come from the ſame Pen as the Philoſophical Letters on Phyſiognomy, and deſired to ſubjoin them.

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planation of the Differences in Characters, which are ſo many and perplexing, that, without it, we ſhould have ſtumbled at the Threſhold. This gave us an Inſight into the Principle of thoſe united Societies, where a mutual Complacency is ſeen to conſtitute an uninterrupted Happineſs; we conceived the Souls of all the Members thereof to be abſolutely of the ſame kind; as Oppoſitions, Diſſentions, and Feuds, ariſe from a general Antipathy in Souls, whereby they become inſupportable to each other.

Yet ſome Phænomena we could not ſo eaſily account for; the Difficulties were not to be reduced to our Syſtem; two of them were, of a charming Woman in Love with an ugly Sloven, and an accompliſhed Man in Love with a hateful Woman. It was not ſuppoſeable that their Souls were of the ſame Claſs. Some ſaid, that the Soul had ſo ſeldom any thing to do in Love, that it was to little Purpoſe to ſeek for the Explication of theſe Phænomena in its Nature and Qualities. Others were of Opinion, that in ſuch Caſes the Soul of the beloved Perſon was of an Order ſuperior to that

of the Perſon loving ; and that this Love was no more than a Homage paid by the inferior Kind to its better ; for we were all unanimous, that a ſeparate Claſs of Souls was not to be aſſigned to Women, but that, equally with Men, their Souls were to be arranged into the above-mentioned Claſſes, the Difference of the Sexes being a Property merely of the Body, and not in the leaſt relative to the Soul.

If what is perfect is always rare, the ſuperior Order of Souls muſt be concluded to be the leaſt numerous ; and in that Age, when moſt great Men flouriſhed, the ſuperior Order of Souls muſt have been moſt fertile.

Jocularity is not always void of Inſtruction, and enlivens a Diſquiſition. We proceeded to examine into the Mode of this ſo unequal Diſtribution of Souls ; no one offered to aſcribe it to any other Cauſe than that (wiſe and gracious in all its Ways), Providence, which appoints the Rich and Poor, and ſtations the High and Low. This Difficulty, which is no leſs momentous than abſtruſe, after many Debates, ſeemed to afford no Solution more plau-

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ſible, than that Souls might be produced before the Bodies; that they are ardently deſirous of a Conjunction with Bodies; and from their Delight in theſe Habitations when once they are ſettled in them, ariſes the Love of Life, and its Conſequence, the Dread of a Diſſolution; that theſe Souls watch for the Formation of Bodies, and take Poſſeſſion the Moment they are tenantable; that they often diſpute about the Preference; that it has ſometimes even happened, that two Souls ſo equally matched that neither could get the better, have both entered into one Body; and ſuch an Accident it is which accounts for Contrarieties in the ſame Individual, for theſe indeſcriptible, deſultory Tempers, which are ever at Variance with themſelves, which hate and love at the ſame Time, and which are no leſs a Torment to themſelves than to others within their Influence.

May not, ſaid we, the long or ſhort Duration of Life be owing to the Degree of Conveniency and Freedom, which the Soul finds in the Body, where it has taken up its Reſidence. If it finds the Body won't ſerve its Turn, that the Contexture

thereof is inconvenient, we may ſuppoſe it ſoon ſhifts its Quarters; but if all be to its Liking, it contentedly ſtays there till Time has rendered the Machine of no further Uſe.

It is well known to you, that Matter is an inexhauſtible Subject, and ſuſceptible of ſuch a great Variety of entertaining Particulars, that the Exerciſe of the Imagination ſeems not the leaſt End of its Formation. Natural Philoſophy, beſides my irrefragable Demonſtrations, oppoſes an Inequality of Souls; they are all of one kind, all equal, and their apparent Contraſt and Diverſity, in Propenſities and Operations, are chargeable upon the Body, which is both their Mover and Inſtrument.

Beſides the Difficulty of this Syſtem, againſt which I allow the Senſe of our Dignity reluctſ, we are aſhamed to have Recourſe to Organs, material Organs, which have no more Connection with the Soul than the Tool has with the Hand of the Artificer. But here be our *Ne plus ultra*, let us bring ourſelves to believe inexplicable what Things are really ſo, as ſuch, acquieſce in them, and pa-

patiently own the narrow Limits of human Understanding; it is a Lesson inculcated into us by hourly Experience; every Instant brings some Document of it, and yet to own it goes extremely against the Grain.

I have been so frequently mistaken concerning the most simple Objects, and which I made no doubt of knowing, that my Ignorance now gives me no Manner of Vexation. The Effects of an Error in Morality bring more Sorrow with them. There is no foreseeing every thing, and to be ever suspecting some Evil, we should think it as disgraceful to ourselves as we feel it painful. Whatever high Opinion I have of the physiognomical Rules, they will never prevail on a generous Soul to determine what it ought not so much as to think. The most perspicacious Mind has still a little to apprehend from the Goodness of the Heart, in Relation to the Worthless or Insidious. Suspicion is the last Science a great Mind can be brought to learn.

LETTER XXXVII.

Upon PHILANTHROPY.

WHEN ſhall you and I agree? You who are not only a *Miſanthropiſt*, but glory in it: I who am a *Philanthropiſt*, and far from diſowning the Appellation. Your Humour puts you continually upon cenſuring Humanity, whereas I am far more inclined to Pity than Cenſure. Since you allow Freedom of Debate, I'll vindicate my Opinion, and aſſert that Longanimity to which I have devoted myſelf. If you can find in your Heart to condemn me, do ſo, nothing ſhall deter me. I am fully bent to deſerve the glorious Title of *Plenary Indulgence*, with which you have been pleaſed to inveſt me.

There are Opinions, into which we are inſenſibly drawn, and for which we become warm Sticklers without knowing how; ſuch are thoſe which are analogous to our Diſpoſitions. The Supine declare againſt meddling in many Things; the Active deſpiſe that Maxim, ruſh into the Scene of

of Buſtle, delight in being ever on the the Wing, and ſometimes value themſelves upon their Officiouſneſs, when the Source of it is no more than a buſy Temper.

Longanimity, or Toleration, has a very different Principle. In the Heat of Adoleſcency I could not bear with any thing which had the leaſt Contrariety to the Ideas, the only Grounds of which were Cuſtom and Education. Not a few Men were ſuch Monſters in my Sight, that I thought it was a Shame they ſhould be tolerated, that Baniſhment was the leaſt their Enormities deſerved; and if I did not turn the *Don Quixot* of Truth and Probity, and exterminate without Mercy all whom I imagined to be their Oppoſers, Fear only with held my Arm. I judged of every thing I ſaw from mere unexperienced Nature; and whatever appeared to me to have any Diſſonancy to that Rule, I accounted odious and puniſhable.

But afterwards, by converſing with both good and bad Men, I came to underſtand, that the Evil, as well as the Good they did, was not all ſpontaneous, but often coſt them many a hard Struggle;

that the Judgments paſt upon them were uſually but weakly grounded; that what formed a clear Reputation, ſtood in as much Need of Amendment, as the Vices which ſullied a Character, wanted Reformation; that the trifling was much more valued than the ſolid; that we were happy and beloved for mere Nothings, when Eſſentials only, and thoſe highly momentous, ought to make a Man unhappy or deteſtable; and that our Well-being and Character lay at the Mercy of Perſons, who, though no competent Judges of either, ſet up to be arbitrary Diſpoſers of both.

Theſe Obſervations put me upon the Study of Morality, with a more than common Attention; I may bleſs the Day when I did ſo; for beſides the growing Delight I every Day felt, to it I may attribute the happy Change of my impetuous Diſpoſition. It was Morality which made me a ſtanch *Philanthropiſt*: It was Morality that taught me to look upon all Mankind as my Brethren: It was Morality that has ſenſibly convinced me that they are ſo. Inſtead of Contempt and Indignation at their Faults, I commiſerate

their

their Errors, and almoſt melt into Tears at their Calamities.

The Study of Hiſtory has not a little confirmed me in theſe Sentiments. The Fall and Riſe of Empires, their Concuſſions, the characteriſtic Paſſions of each Country, the manifeſt Contradictions adopted almoſt every where; univerſal Errors, one half of the World condemning the other; Prejudices raiſed upon the Ruins of Reaſon; the Degradation of one Hero, and the Exaltation of another; Men burning to-day what they had worſhipped yeſterday; the Impoſſibility of finding an infallible Rule; the beſt concerted Deſigns baffled by a ſlight Accident; the Futility of the ſerious Employment of great Numbers; the Vanity and Emptineſs of our favourite Objects; Love and Friendſhip ſacrificed to Avarice and Ambition, or meaner Intereſts: Whatever ſtrengthens the Philoſophy of others, has encreaſed my Philanthropy; that which hardens others, has made me more impreſſible. Theſe Conſiderations have produced in me the tendereſt Sympathy to Mankind.

You would not imagine of how great Uſe Phyſiognomy has been to me in this

Matter. I require no more of Men than what is in their Power, and within what narrow Limits that Power is circumſcribed, I very well know. It makes me bear with their Faults the more eaſily, and raiſes my Eſteem of their Virtues. I am even charmed with any great Action they do; it raviſhes me; I pride myſelf in it; I ſay with Exultation, it is one of of my own kind that has done this. Now, this Admiration probably would not be ſo extatic, were it not for the phyſiognomical Knowledge I previouſly had of their Weakneſs, which it muſt have coſt them many a ſmart Conflict to overcome. I obſerve, and it pleaſes me, that thoſe who are advanced in Years, or have had a large Experience in the World, are of all others the moſt relenting and indulgent. One marries, another remains ſingle; one purchaſes a Poſt, the other glories in his Independency. Now, why ſhould not we believe that they are all in the Right, though they ſteer different Courſes?

The Behaviour meets with as little Mercy as the Voice, Carriage, Shape, Countenance, Dreſs, and Amuſements. All theſe Accidents are inexhauſtible

Funds

Funds of Cenſure for the Idle and Eaſy, who, for Want of better Employment, are ever carping at others, who are not in every thing like themſelves.

Now, were we all alike, without any Diverſity of Sentiments, we ſhould ſoon fall to cutting one another's Throats; we ſhould all drive at the ſame Ends, all graſp the ſame Objects; for as the Diverſity of our Appearance cauſes an agreeable Variety in the World, ſo the Harmony, which is ſo neceſſary to it, reſults from the Diverſity of our Sentiments. Let us allow to others, that Freedom, of which we will not bear any Infringement, and which is blameable only when perverted to evil Purpoſes.

Here is the Touchſtone of that Longanimity, or Toleration, which I eſpouſe. Every thing is liable to Exceſs, and, were it poſſible, there ſhould be Exceſs in nothing. Whatever is not notoriouſly of an evil Tendency, I bear with. I aſſert, that every one ought to be allowed to gratify his Humour, and pleaſe himſelf, when that Gratification will not bring a real Evil upon any one; but the eternal Rights of Society, which forbid

the doing to others what we would not have done to ourſelves, determined me to condemn all who are for promotting their own Satisfaction to the Prejudice of others. If you never hear me openly exclaim againſt them, you ſhall never hear me ſecond and commend them. *Beware of ſweet Wine-Vinegar*, ſaith the *Italian* Proverb. The mildeſt Perſons carry their Anger fartheſt, when once it is juſtly excited. None alſo will more vehemently condemn what they cannot but ſee to claſh with the fundamental Principles of Virtue, than the moſt patient Man; and if I ſay with *Pope*,

What ever is, is right,

far be it from me to mean it of what is eſſentially evil. This Eſſentiality of Evil is not difficult to define: So here I leave you.

LET-

LETTER XXXVIII.

Upon the Misfortunes of LIFE.

MIsfortunes are the Appendages of human Nature. They are an univerſal Tribute. No Power nor Wiſdom are abſolute Preſervatives. They are adapted to every Condition of Life. Some happen which were little expected. It is a wiſer Part to prepare the Soul for Adverſity, than to be planning and toiling to prevent it.

Here, methinks, you ſhake your Head, and ſay, From ſuch a Beginning I conclude *N*——— was in a melancholy Mood. I am ſo, and here follows the Occaſion. No longer ago than Yeſterday our Friend the Chevalier called upon me. I immediately knew by his Countenance, that ſomething extraordinary had befallen him. He told me at firſt that he was very ill. I aſſured him to the contrary, and that all his Illneſs lay in his Soul, and that ſuch a Phyſiognomiſt as I, was not to be impoſed upon in that Manner. Chevalier, ſaid I, you are at preſent oppreſſed with Trouble; but

but you will not ſink under it. Your Candour your Senſibility may be known to every body; but it is otherwiſe with your Fortitude; all its Strength can be known to very few. Perhaps it is not even ſo well known to yourſelf, as to me. He then related to me the whole Affair, but with ſo much Diſcretion, Compoſure, and Mildneſs, that I could not forbear dropping a few Tears. Moved as I am at the Wrong done you, ſaid I, I cannot forbear congratulating you, that your Name now ſtands in the honourable Liſt of thoſe whom Envy has perſecuted, whom their Merit has deſtroyed, yet who have referred their Vengeance to the Remorſe of their Foes. In your whole Life you never was in ſuch good Company. Your Heart, to be ſure, is troubled, that there ſhould be ſuch Injuſtice, ſuch Ingratitude, and Perfidiouſneſs: A Grief which is felt by all good Hearts; but ſhould be alleviated by the Reminiſcency of the Good you have done to thoſe who have made ſuch undue Returns. The Number of your remaining Friends will be few; but theſe will be ſuch in whom you may confide, having ſtood the Shock. Friends are like

like Votes that ſhould be weighed rather than counted. As to the Multitude, who gladly ſwim with the Stream of Malevolence, they are ſo often miſtaken, that ſhould it join in condemning you, it will be only one Miſtake more added to their Account, and a very ſlight Misfortune to yourſelf. Men of Spirit ſhould direct their Behaviour according to *Horace*'s Advice to Authors in their Compoſitions.

Suit not thy Labours to the vulgar Taſte.
Art of Poetry.

And actually its Verdict is too uninformed, too precipitate to have any Deference paid to it. The cool, circumſpect Judgment is alone to be accounted of. He who decides haſtily, generally decides amiſs.

This Multitude will either come to ſee its Error, or continue irreclaimable. Chance has as great a Hand in our Characters as in our Fortunes. What are we upon Earth? A Point almoſt too ſmall for Diviſion, in Compariſon of the reſt of the World, and perceivable only within our own Sphere. They who ſurround us, and for whom we tenderly feel,

feel, abſorbed in themſelves, take no Notice of us.

The *qu'en dira-ton* of the World is not, by a great deal, to be ſtood in ſo much Awe of; beſides, Matters rightly conſidered, we are accountable to it only for what we do, and not for what is done to us; neither imagine that I am for reducing it to a mere Jeſt, and emancipating every one from the ſettled Cuſtoms and Formalities which conſtitute the Decorum of political Societies. Let every thing which may juſtly give Offence be carefully abſtained from; but I inſiſt, that no Regard is to be ſhewn to public Cuſtom, where it is in the Wrong; and I am not afraid to declare, that it is ſeldom in the right. *Uni ſapientium, nihil placet omnium, quæ vulgus vel facit vel dicit*; and you know there is the *Great Vulgar*. My dear Chevalier, added I, though your Merit was indiſputable before, yet this will prove a conſiderable Enhancement to't. Theſe Injuries will bring to Light Opinions, Sentiments, and Talents, which no Exigency occurring before for the Exertion of them, were not known to be in you. Dearer you cannot be,

be to me than you was before; but allow me to ſay, that you appear more eſteemable. Your good Temper, your Eaſineſs, which nothing could provoke; your undiſturbed Equableneſs; your ſympathiſing Pity for the Diſtreſſed; your Delight to relieve and aſſiſt them in any Manner; all theſe ſo amiable Diſpoſitions will be wonderfully increaſed. The Effect of Misfortunes on great Minds, if I may uſe ſuch a Compariſon, is like that of Dew on Flowers; it animates their Fragancy, and draws forth thoſe Odours which diffuſe themſelves to the Delight of all who are near them. As to your Wiſdom and Patience, I omit them; but they ſhall force your Enemies to admire them the more, as they are quite contrary to their Expectation; for my Part, I ſaw them in the Bud, long before ſuch Brutality diſcloſed them.

Socrates, that droll Philoſopher, ſtiled himſelf the Midwife of Thoughts; the ſame may be ſaid of Misfortunes with regard to the Virtues. He himſelf was an eminent Inſtance of the Folly of Mankind, in condemning what claimed their higheſt Regard. Some ſucceeding Writers have

have endeavoured to compenſate for the Injuſtice of his Countrymen, and carried their Encomiums to a very ſingular Height; among the reſt one of the laſt Century has theſe remarkable Words: *Parum abeſt quin exclamam Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis, i. e. I can ſcarce forbear crying out, Saint* Socrates, *pray for us.* But when the fatal Stroke has been once given, the moſt pompous Panegyrics, the moſt nervous Apologies avail nothing as to Life, however they may blazon the Reputation, as *Corneille* has it:

No Revenge can the Dead to Life reſtore.

We may well be compared to Chaff, which every Breath of Wind whirls about, and ſcatters any way. Who can be aſſured of the End of his Deſtiny? A Knot of artful Villains may bring the honeſteſt Man living to the Gallows, by charging him with a Robbery, Murder, or any capital Crime, of which the bare Imagination would make him ſhudder. Our Fortitude is our beſt Reſource, as within us; it may give Way to an irreſiſtible

ſiſtible Torrent, it may bend under the Weight of Malignancy and Oppoſition, yet not ſuccumb. Well, Chevalier, I have ſo good an Opinion of your's, that if ever I ſhould want any, I'll not fail to come to you for a Supply.

Thus we broke up, extremely pleaſed with each other, he particularly admiring my Prophecy, and I no leſs the Beauty and Goodneſs of his Heart. We are to meet again to-morrow. 'Tis an Honour to condole with ſuch a Man. Write him a conſolatory Letter: He is no Stoick. If he can ſuppreſs Grief, he is not without a tender Senſe of it. Adieu.

F I N I S.

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